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MY IDEAL REALM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY GIPSY WILDE.

I'm dreaming this eve of my Ideal Realm,
Mid a fair and beautiful land—
Caressed by the waves of a golden sea,
Girt round by a silver strand;
Radiant pearls and the sheen of stars
Spangle the empyreal dome,
And bright festoons of a carcanet
Encircle my fairy-like home.

Brilliant sapphires and rubies red
Flash from the spacious hall;
And weird, mosaical figures glow
On the many-colored wall;
And the gleam of diamond porticoes
Blaze like myriad stars,
Set in a gorgeous diadem
Of gold and crimson bars.

Sometimes I am weary, so weary of earth,
Its toils, temptations and cares,
Its raptures intense and hours of remorse,
Its errors, phantasms and snares:
Then I see the gleam of the tall minaret
That peers o'er the great White Throne,
And my vision is dazzled by spirit forms,
Who softly whisper—"Come!"

And I haste to leave the sordid earth
To join the unsullied fold;
To walk with the myriad sentinels,
Blazing in pearls and gold:
There in my peerless Aiden Home
I have loves that never wane;
And I dream the happy hours away,
Or worship my Ideal Fane.

But when I awake to reality,
And gone is my wild, sweet dream,
I know my Realm of Purity
Is a vision of what might have been.

THE TORY BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Delaware Valley.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

PREFACE.

[The county of Bucks, in Eastern Pennsylvania, was infested during the Revolutionary War by a band of brothers, seven in number, whose aggressions towards the whigs or patriots were so numerous and violent, that they have passed into local history, and are remembered to this day as the boldest and most unrelenting opponents to the colonial cause in the region of which we write. Our tale, though full of the elements of romance, is fact, not fiction; as they will attest who are familiar with the history from which we have drawn our characters and incidents.]

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMP.

It was the gloomy period preceding the battle of Trenton. Washington with his wasted and weary band had been retreating before his powerful and victorious enemy. The cause of independence was almost given up by many whom the disastrous battles in the vicinity of New York and the subsequent abandonment of the Jerseys had dispirited in the last degree. It was a cold, bright day in early December. On the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, just below the spot that soon became forever memorable as the place where Washington crossed the river that dreary Christmas eve to attack the enemy at Trenton, a party of American soldiers were encamped, ready to join the main body at once. They were posted in the neighborhood to watch the tories, who, thinking that the downfall of the patriot cause was imminent, had grown unusually bold. Strewn around the rude camp were sheaves of unthrashed wheat from a neighboring barn, whose tory owner with a wrath immeasurable had witnessed this appropriation of his harvest. Sweet in his heart was a hope of revenge and double indemnity when the soldiers of Howe should have crushed the last hundreds of the desperate continentals.

Rough-looking and ill-clad were the men gathered in that humble camp. The tory had sneered with bitter contempt at the ragamuffins who had helped themselves to the contents of his barn. A levelled musket and a word of quiet warning had silenced him. Had he been a younger man—he was gray-haired and weak of limb—he would have been seized at once as an ally of the enemy. But they were brave and freedom-loving—those gallant men, who had fought an open foe and were equally determined against a secret one.

"What do you think, Lieutenant," said young Captain Irvin to his subordinate, "do you suppose there is any truth in the rumor that the Doanes have been communicating with the Hessians in spite of our efforts to prevent it? It is said they have a cave somewhere up the river where they meet to form their plans, and then set out to do their worst against us."

"HE TOOK DELIBERATE AIM, AND FIRED!"

"I do not know as to the first matter," replied Lieutenant Warner—a handsome young officer, hardly twenty-one, "but I am sure there is a rendezvous of the kind mentioned, though we have failed to find it."

"It is not because we have not looked," returned the Captain, "for we have been over nearly every mile of hill around; our watch by night and search by day must result in some discovery at last."

"Would that we could do something more, for our country needs it," sighed Warner, thinking of the straits to which they were reduced. "That malevolent old tory," he continued, referring to Chambers, on whose farm they were, "now he sneers and chuckles in spite of his fear. I think, Captain, we had better arrest him yet. He is old, but knowing, and he may give us trouble. He has a son who is not at home, and may be busy with mischief."

"Halt!" exclaimed the voice of a sentry.

The two officers turned and saw the form of a guilty-looking youth, not more than nineteen years of age, who had been approaching the house of the tory, along a thicket-grown fence, apparently not desiring to be seen, when the order of the guard brought him to a stand.

"This way," shouted the sentry, and the young man approached.

"Why, it's simple Sip," several of the soldiers exclaimed as they saw him. "Simple Sip" was known to most of them as a harmless youth whose lack of brain was supposed to preclude him from engaging in anything useful or dangerous. He was known throughout the neighborhood for his good-nature and laziness, in addition to the unfortunate distinction already stated. He had a fearful temper though, when at last aroused by undue teasing, such as nearly all boys and many men delight to indulge in toward the simple-minded and the imbecile. He was a strong-limbed young man, his physical strength being sufficient to render him very serviceable in labor had it been possible to induce him to attempt it. The only service he could be made to perform for others was running errands, and in this he was singularly faithful, provided a reward was first given.

"Where were you going, Sip?" asked Captain Irvin.

Sip did not answer.

"To old Chambers's?" inquired the Lieutenant.

Sip was as silent as ever, but looked a little as if his destination had been discovered. The suspicions of the young officer were aroused. He turned to the Captain and expressed himself dissatisfied with the circumstances of Sip's appearance.

"We had better search him," suggested that officer, who, turning to the detained youth, said:

"Sip, we would like to look in your pockets."

"No you don's," asserted that individual, "*it's not for you.*"

"Not for me, eh!" exclaimed the Captain, with a flash of conviction at the words. "He *has* some message perhaps from the tories. We must search him. Sergeant!" He motioned to a jolly-looking Irishman, who taking the hint, approached Sip, who began to looked anxious and determined, and informed him that they must see the paper he carried.

"I hain't none," declared Sip, forgetting his previous betraying words.

"Come now, Sip, just hand it over," said the Sergeant; "the Captain wants it."

Sip looked more resolute than ever. He evidently meant to keep his trust.

"I must take it then."

He clutched the simpleton by the arms and endeavored to throw him to the ground. A vigorous struggle ensued, ended by the Sergeant, with the assistance of the others, subduing the resisting Sip, binding him, and taking from a secret pocket a piece of compactly written paper, which was handed to the Captain. Sip fairly howled with rage, but it was of no use. His cries were heard by the old tory, who opened his door and peered across the field at the party. It may be asked why the soldiers did not occupy his house, as the weather was cold; they preferred their present position, as it gave them a view of a large district of country which could not be seen from the buildings.

The paper taken from Sip was unfolded and read. It was as follows, without address or signature, but it was evident who the writer was and for whom it was intended:

"DEC. 8th, 1776.

"At great risk I send you this, knowing the rebel soldiers are in the neighborhood. I must see you in person to-morrow night, when I will be home by eleven P. M., provided I get an answer to this. There are movements afoot that will startle some of the king's enemies in this region exceedingly. We are in snug quarters, where the whigs will never find us."

"The young villain, he's joined the tories!" exclaimed Captain Irvin. "It's just as we've heard, Lieutenant. They have a rendezvous under ground, and think it too safe to concern themselves about discovery. We will fix them yet. Send two or three men up and have old Chambers arrested at once. He is as bad as any Hessian, and it's time he was cared for."

Three of the party, accompanied by the Lieutenant, proceeded to the house of the tory and informed him he was their prisoner. He became wonderfully indignant, spoke in piteous tones of his gray hairs, declared his innocence of complicity with hostile tories, and begged to be released. Finding his entreaties vain, he flew into a fearful passion and reviled his captors till his threatenings and jeers were no longer to be borne, and he was gagged into silence. His household consisted of only two or three servants and a farm hand; all of whom seemed rather pleased than otherwise to see their irascible old master treated as he was.

"We want you to write a line or two for us," said Lieutenant Warner. "Here are pen, ink, and paper; write," commanded the officer, with sternness, producing a pistol; "write these words:—

"All right; to-morrow night at eleven; will be up to let you in.

"JOHN CHAMBERS."

Under the deliberate and relentless look of the Lieutenant it was done. The old fellow suspected the meaning of the dictated words, but there was no way to avoid penning them.

"That is satisfactory. Take charge of this person, while I see the Captain," directed the Lieutenant, speaking to his comrades.

"Where were you to leave the answer Chambers was to give you, Sip," inquired Captain Irvin of the still indignant bearer of despatches.

Sip was silent.

"Do you comprehend," thundered the officer; "answer me at once, and truthfully."

Sip was startled at the Captain's speech and manner; he thought it best to speak, and said—

"In the white oak that stands between the two big chestnuts, just above *Dunk's Ferry;* there's a hollow in the trunk."

"I know the spot; are you telling me the truth, Sip?"

"Yes, Cap'n," answered Sip; "I never lies," forgetting his recent contradiction.

"Never but once, I suppose. I'll excuse you for that time, Sip—but don't deceive me now."

The Lieutenant came up, and showed the reply to the intercepted message, which had been extorted from the old tory.

"Very good," said Captain Irvin. "Private Smith, to you I entrust the duty of placing this communication in the tree designated; you are familiar with the locality, and will not fail to perform the work to my satisfaction. Take my horse and go at once. Dismount within a mile of the spot and make your way on foot, avoiding observation if possible."

In a short time the man was galloping up the frozen road.

"We will see if this tory nest cannot be broken up at last. We will trap one of them at least. Lieutenant Warner, you will remain in yonder house from this time till eleven o'clock to-morrow night, when you may expect an arrival. Myself and the others, except those you may choose to take with you, have other work."

A few orders were given, and, breaking camp, the majority of the party set off down the river.

Sip was not permitted to go free, but was to be detained for a day or two with the party at Chambers's.

CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

Captain Irvin accompanied his men a mile or two, and then ordering Sergeant Harvey to take command of them and watch the ferry below during the night, he left the party and struck out on foot through the open country in the direction of the village of Newtown. Before reaching that place he stopped at a large and comfortable-looking farmhouse or mansion, for it was very superior in appearance to most of the surrounding dwellings. A gallant young officer was Captain Edward Irvin; strong, handsome, and as brave as patriots in those days were wont to be. Loving his country, and not despairing of her even now, he would have been with Washington had it not been thought advisable to entrust him with the duty of breaking up the tory bands—and especially that formidable league known as the tory brothers—whose depredations and terrorism were unsupportable to the inhabitants of the good old county of Bucks who sympathised with the cause of liberty. Captain Irvin was well fitted for this task, being a native of the county and acquainted with almost every mile of territory it contained. He had already incurred the special enmity of the Doanes—the seven tories of one family—by the vigor he displayed in suppressing their lawlessness and punishing their extortions.

Knocking at the door of the mansion he was speedily admitted and conducted to the parlor, where he met with a hearty welcome from the owner of the estate and his daughters—lovely young ladies of eighteen and twenty respectively. Their mother was dead, and they were their father's housekeepers and only darlings. A grand old man and patriot was Robert Graham, and his daughters were what might be expected from their sire. The eldest, Lucy, was a rarely beautiful girl, in the first flower of her womanhood, with a perfect form, and hands that disdained not work, and yet were small and white. Descended from a proud old English family, she was no loyalist, but enthusiastic in the cause of the colonists. Between her and Captain Irvin there existed the most perfect understanding, and no observer would have soon guessed they were lovers. And such they indeed were, bound together by every tie of love and patriotism, feeling in the gloom and trouble of the hour that they still had much to hope for. The younger sister was a merry, mischievous blonde, beautiful, but not with the beauty of Lucy, her fair face and golden hair and vivacity of manner being most observable. She and Lieutenant Warner were excellent friends, with a fair prospect of becoming more intimately related eventually, as their fondness for each other's society was quite too marked for nothing more than ordinary friendship. Her name was Grace. Mr. Graham approved of his daughter's suitors; to the Captain he had already given his consent to a union with Lucy; and the Lieutenant was quite sure that at the proper time his own case would receive similar favor.

After the congratulations of the meeting were over and the lovers had had a few moments to themselves, Mr. Graham and Captain Irvin engaged in conversation on the topic of the war and the seriousness of the situation—while the sisters attended to the preparation of the evening meal. Supper over, several hours were spent in the parlor, and then the household and their guest retired.

The night was cold, the brightness of the afternoon sky had been obscured ere sunset, and a storm seemed brewing in the darkness. The wind had shifted to the northeast and moaned dismally through the pines. Captain Irvin in his comfortable quarters, thought almost with self-reproach, of the little army that was somewhere in the night, almost shelterless, but vigilant and undaunted still.

He did not wish for even temporary ease while his comrades in arms must suffer and endure. This night, however, being near the home of his betrothed, he had concluded to pass under her father's roof, and if he had been willing to confess it, he would have said a feeling of coming evil had drawn him thither. It was near midnight. After a broken rest of an hour or two he arose and looked from the window of his chamber. The sky was hidden with a thin veil of gray clouds, through which the moon shone with a melancholy light. He was about to retire to his bed again, when his attention was attracted by a bright light in the direction of the barn. Looking out, he saw the building was on fire!

Hastily putting on a portion of his clothing, he alarmed the household and hurried down the stairs. Unbarring the kitchen door he opened it, and in his excitement was about to proceed to the blazing structure, when the report of a gun and the alarming thud of the ball against the panels, caused him to retreat. A shout of triumph at the same moment rose on the air, and the inmates of the mansion, all of whom were by this time gathered below, knew that they were assaulted by tory marauders. The attack was unexpected, as the troops of Washington's army were, some of them, not distant, and the loyalists of the immediate neighborhood had been, it was supposed, intimidated by the presence of the patriots.

Hastening to an upper window, Captain Irvin in the light of the burning barn caught sight of the crouching figure of one of the incendiaries lingering near the scene of destruction, as if he hoped to obtain another shot at whoever might have the temerity to appear. Calling for a rifle, he took deliberate aim at the half-hidden figure of the would-be assassin and fired. A yell of pain told him the ball had reached its mark. The man was seen writhing on the ground, while further off the figures of several of his retreating companions were observed.

"The cowards!" cried the young Captain, "one of them at least will not leave till he is carried."

By this time the neighborhood was aroused, and several people came running toward the scene of the conflagration. Nothing could be done to save the building, but a party at once started in pursuit of the incendiaries.

"The infernal Doanes, no doubt," said several of the number. "They were heard of two days ago at Woodman's Mills; but who would have thought they'd have ventured this far."

"They must have known I was here," said Captain Irvin, who with his cloak thrown over his shoulder, was leading the pursuing band. The tories did not appear to have come on horseback, and the patriots, also on foot, set out across the fields.

A thin dry snow had commenced to fall, and as they pressed on they at last struck the trail of the marauders, leading first toward the river, following the road for a mile or two, and then suddenly turning up a narrow ravine north of a lofty hill. Here it was lost. After considerable search, the snow falling faster than before, the party, fearing ambush, returned disappointed to the point from which they had started. The chase had not been altogether fruitless, for the men were convinced that the direction taken by the tories led to the cave which was their main rendezvous; its locality heretofore unguessed. On their return they found the wounded man, who was insensible and apparently dying when they left, partly revived and lying groaning with pain on a rude couch in the kitchen. He was Lewis Doane, one of the tory brothers. Next morning, restored to consciousness, and suffering less from his wound, he was questioned as to the object of the attack.

"Who were your companions?" asked Mr. Graham.

The man was silent.

"I suppose I can answer my question myself. No doubt your villainous brothers aided you in this work. They will all be brought to your condition at last, and deservedly, for a more dangerous band does not afflict the country," said the old man.

"We will take care that you are prevented from doing further mischief soon," he continued.

"You will have enough to do to take care of yourselves when the river freezes," retorted the fellow. "Howe will sweep the land of every rebel in less than two months, and the Doanes will then fare better than some of their neighbors."

"Morgan," said Mr. Graham, addressing one of his serving men, "have an eye to this fellow, and this afternoon we will have him removed to a safer prison."

Doane glared at the man but said nothing, though he was one who had the greatest fear of imprisonment. Moreover he was in danger of being executed as a spy, for it was suspected that the band had more than once furnished valuable information to the enemy.

During the forenoon Captain Irvin bid adieu to the Grahams, and rejoined his company near the river. Mr. Graham regretted greatly the destruction of his barn, but bore his loss with equanimity, regarding it as another sacrifice for his country.

His daughters were deeply indignant at the cowardly act, and the attempted shooting of the captain. Lucy remembered that the previous summer, Moses Doane, another of the brothers, had first insulted her father in a political dispute, and then made advances of love toward herself. She had repelled him with scorn, thereby making him her bitter enemy, and it was evident he had taken part of his revenge.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER PRISONER.

We left Lieutenant Warner with a few men in possession of the house of the tory, Chambers. After the departure of their comrades, they made themselves comfortable in their warmer quarters, and prepared to entrap the son of their unwilling host, as his arrival might be looked for at the stated time. In a few hours private Smith returned with the information that, unseen by any one, he had managed to place the decoy note in the tree, from which no doubt it would be taken by the young man and accepted as genuine.

All next day Warner and his men remained within doors. They had sent one of their number to the scene of the conflagration the previous evening, and learning the facts were more vigilant than before in their watch. The lieutenant did not doubt that young Chambers was one of the band who had planned the destruction of the patriot's property, though probably not one of the number actually engaged in the work. The young man though aware of the excitement prevailing in the neighborhood in consequence of the raid, would in all probability attempt, under cover of the darkness, to enter his father's house, especially as he had received as he supposed a correct response to the message sent by Sip. His capture was desirable, as next to the Doanes, the young loyalist had in a secret but suspected way been most active in disaffecting the people, and injuring known friends of the cause of the colonies. Early in the evening extinguishing all lights, the lieutenant arranged his men in the large dining-room, and instructed them how to act at the proper time.

"He may not come alone," said the young officer, "but in any case we will be prepared to receive him."

As eleven o'clock approached the men were in a state of expectation that was soon heightened by a gentle tap at the door, repeated, and then ended by three quick raps—the signal probably agreed upon for the occasion of such visits. The door was immediately opened, and the visitor thinking all was right came directly into the room.

"Strike a light, father." It was the voice of the young tory.

A sudden flame illuminated the room; but what was the astonishment of the new comer to behold, not the face of his father, but four armed men, who sprang upon him and overpowered him before he could utter the cry of suprise and alarm that rose to his lips.

"A rough welcome," explained Lieutenant Warner, "but you will excuse us, perhaps, when we state that it is considered best for the country's sake to deprive you temporarily of your liberty. We have ill reports respecting you."

Young Chambers, comprehending his position, and feeling that he had been betrayed, grew red with rage.

"You shall suffer for this, you infernal ragamuffin! How dare you enter my father's house in this manner and assault me as I was peaceably returning?"

"Who entered *my* father's house and assaulted and robbed, not him, for he was absent, but my mother, a weak, defenceless woman?" demanded the young patriot.

"Not you, perhaps, but some of your midnight band—the Doanes, one of whom received a bullet last night that should have finished his life on the spot."

"Oh! you shall sweat for this! yes, and bleed and hang for it!" hissed the venomous young tory. "Wait till your skulking leader, your noble Washington, is driven with his ragged rustics from this state as he has been from the Jerseys. Won't there be a trembling then among your stubborn whigs! Won't there be a scattering of the rebel pack and a wailing in the land!"

"Enough of this," commanded his captor. "Don't be too sure of the end, for it may be your turn to suffer yet, even as you hope to see the enemies of tyrants suffer."

"The enemies of the king and of the country!" retorted the prisoner. "But the crows will soon be picking your skeletons and—"

A gag was thrust in the speaker's mouth, an oath gurgling up as he essayed to continue his ribald speech.

His pockets were searched, and though nothing was found directly implicating him as a colleague of the enemy, sufficient proof was obtained to warrant his immediate conveyance to a place of safe imprisonment. Next morning son and father were removed within the American lines.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAVE.

We introduce our readers to a wierd and singular scene.

It is the interior of a large cave, the existence of which was suspected by the patriots of the county, but without discovery so far of its locality. Two years before, Moses Doane while hunting one day, accidentally came across a small opening in a hill side, almost entirely hidden by a dense growth of thicket and bramble, but which on exploration proved to be the entrance to a cavern of considerable dimensions. He kept his secret, and when the political troubles broke out in open war, he, with his brothers, taking sides with the loyalists, had commenced a series of depredations against the prominent whig families of the county, and made this secluded cave one of their retreats. It was on the left bank of a deep ravine through which flowed a stream of water, known today as Pidcock's Creek, but then unnamed, emptying into the Delaware about five miles above Washington's Crossing. In front of the mouth of the cavern, after crossing the ravine, was a hill of considerable elevation, thickly wooded, very steep and rough, and seldom visited, except by some wandering hunter. Around in every direction spread the deep forest, unbroken in its wildness, until in the direction of the river it reached a well-travelled road. The spot, to those who knew the secret paths leading to it, was easy of access, and yet entirely secluded. None would have guessed without some intimation, that human beings had their home or haunts up that gloomy and brier-grown pass. The mouth of the cave was always kept covered by a near growth of cedars which had been planted there to aid in its concealment. Pushing one or two of these aside and stooping very low, entrance to this under-ground retreat might be effected. In addition to this place of ingress was a passage leading from the remote part of the cavern by a winding way to a pile of huge rocks on the surface of the earth, and between two of these a person could crawl to the open air. Thus the place was provided with double modes of exit and entrance, and was indeed a very complete and secure hiding-place.

Entering at the front, a long passage, barely high enough for a man to stand upright in, expanded at last into a large circular apartment of sufficient size to contain twenty men. This was snugly floored with pine boards, conveyed thither secretly. Under the floor was a *deep well*, formed by Nature, and furnishing excellent water.

The cavern was lighted up by several rude lamps and a pine knot or two, revealing the presence of a number of rough-looking men. Several of them were rather handsome however, possessing a brown, hunter-like beauty that would have been very attractive were it not for the dare-devil look that showed in their eyes. Four of them were brothers—members of the Doane family, already detested for their violence as partisans of the king.

The eldest, and leader of the whole band, was a well-proportioned, dark-bearded man, looking the bandit to perfection, possessed of great physical strength, bold rather than brave, but terrible at all times as an enemy. His name was Robert, and there was not a bitterer tory in the country. His brothers, William, Richard and Samuel, all resembled him in appearance, though he was most conspicuous in face and form among his band. The others present were ill-favored fellows, whose appearance indicated a readiness for any evil work. They were all armed, carrying huge pistols in their belts, and having heavy rifles at hand. The walls of the cave were hung with skins of animals, and various articles of use were scattered about the apartment. The lights shone dimly through the heavy atmosphere, casting an uncertain glare over the faces of those present.

"This is bad" spoke the leader at length. "Lew wounded, if not dead, just at a time when all our men are wanted, young Chambers nabbed, and our hiding-place at Hart's Hill discovered by that blasted lieutenant, whom Washington was wise enough to send to hunt us. Never mind, his day will soon be over. But I do hate to lose Lew. Why couldn't Mose have waited awhile for a shot at that rebel captain. Burning Graham's barn has set the country wild, and unless Howe crosses the river soon we may find it a little uncomfortable here, with the Continentals so near. I don't pity Chambers at all, for he would go and go alone."

Robert Doane looked rather serious as he addressed his followers.

"I'm inclined to suspect that Sip," he continued, "he may not be so simple as he pretends; even a fool knows something; he's been affecting a mighty neutrality, doing for those who pay him best. He seems to have been faithful toward young Chambers, yet why has he disappeared? Hereafter we'll trust only ourselves."

Richard Doane suggested it was time for them to be moving.

"Why doesn't Mose come?" inquired the eldest brother. "He promised to be here by midnight, and it's full that now." He moved about impatiently, and declared that hereafter they must not be so lax in the fulfillment of agreements.

At this moment a noise was heard near the back entrance, and the figure of a man slid down near them apparently from the roof of the cavern. The band turned with some alarm toward the intruder, but seeing it was their expected comrade, Moses Doane, they made no further movement, but demanded with indignation why the usual signal of approach was not given.

"Because others would have heard it" was the reply. "I was chased by a dozen of Irvin's men, who are watching for us yet. I ran in this direction to save myself, for I had sprained my ankle on the hill, and would have been caught in a race of a mile. They're above now, looking for me, but stand a slim chance of knowing what's become of me."

"They'll find us out at last though, if they get a few more hints of our whereabouts," growled the leader with an oath. "What's new from the other side, Mose," inquired Robert Doane after a moment's silence.

'Rahl is at Trenton with his Hessians; Howe is coming up, and when the river freezes will cross. The rebels are about used up, and Washington will hardly have a body-guard to go with him to the mountains. He keeps up pretty well, but his men are leaving every day. The whigs near the river begin to wish they had never heard of rebellion.'

The tory chuckled at the prospect of their speedy humiliation and punishment.

"We care not ren are out to-night," said the tory quiet, "but will strike a blow of some account shortly. Mose, how is Lucy Graham?" he asked in an ironical voice, after a brief silence. The face of his brother flushed with anger and mortification.

"Spare your taunts," he replied, "I will be even with her ladyship yet. With that cursed captain out of my way, she will lose her lofty notions. She hates me, but that is only a whim; I like a spicy girl."

Some badinage ensued, which did not in the least improve the tory's temper. Then after a careful survey of the situation, two of the band under directions of their leader, left their comrades, and proceeded in the darkness to a distant rendezvous, where at a stated time all were to meet for another raid on the patriots.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT AT THE MILL.

It was a week later. Apprehensive that the tories, exasperated by several recent losses and defeats that they had suffered, including the affair at Graham farm, where Lewis Doane had been wounded, and since confined in Newtown jail, would soon attempt some bolder enterprise, the whigs of the middle portion of the county had made every effort to discover their intentions, and thus be ready for the next attack. The patriot farmers, living in fear of midnight assaults and arson, were especially vigilant. Captain Irvin was still detached from the main army, patroling the country with his men, and encouraging the inhabitants favorable to independence to assist in the protection of their homes. It was at last discovered that it was the design of the Doanes and their fellow-tories to destroy a mill, situated on the Neshaminy, from which flour had been furnished in considerable quantities to Washington's army, now chiefly gathered in the vicinity of Newtown. This act would be exceedingly propitiating to the British, whose particular favor the Pennsylvania loyalists, in view of the expected approach of the king's troops, hoped to win by such deeds.

The miller, a sturdy whig named Atkinson, was apprised of the intentions of the tory band, and prepared, with a number of Captain Irvin's men and several volunteers, to defend his property.

One by one after night-fall they gathered, unseen, at the mill, all well armed, and determined to give the vandals a reception that would teach them a wholesome lesson for the future. The mill was a stone structure, strong as a fort for defence—and whatever might be the number of the assailants they would hardly be able to effect their object. In the rear was a wooden shed, used for storing agricultural implements—for Atkinson was both miller and farmer—and it was probable that this would be fired or at least approached first, as it communicated by a door with the mill itself. This point was therefore duly watched.

With loaded muskets the little band of patriots waited the coming of the foe.

"Do not fire, boys," said Lieutenant Warner, who was in command, "till their intentions are fully shown. If robbery is also a part of their game, they will be sure, after satisfying themselves that the way is clear, to expose themselves in attempting to enter, and thus give us a full chance at them. Silence now till we hear them coming."

An hour they waited; another; all was quiet; and after the third had passed they began to think that the information received had been intended for them by the tories to mislead them, while an attack was made in some other quarter.

"Hist!" It was a warning whisper from one of the sentries. Every man crouched silent at his post, grasping his gun.

A human figure was seen cautiously approaching the rear of the mill. His glance was keen, but he did not see the waiting defenders, motionless in the gloom around him. Nor were they to be seen; but in out-buildings, at the windows of the mill, and even in the branches of a low and spreading cedar that stood near, were hidden indignant men who could hardly restrain themselves from shooting down this midnight marauder, who with others, had come to rob and burn.

He entered the shed; tried the door communicating with the main structure; finding it locked, as he of course expected, since, had it been unfastened, the fact would have looked suspicious—and retired to join his companions, who though not yet visible, were doubtless not far away. Several moments elapsed before there were any farther developments. Snow was on the ground, but the night was not cold; otherwise those watching in the more exposed places would have suffered. Even as it was they began to grow impatient. Their attention was now aroused more keenly than ever by the approach of a number of the tories, bringing with them a span of horses attached to a sledge. It was evidently their intention to obtain a supply of flour before performing the crowning act of villainy—firing the mill. They gathered about the rear entrance and were about to break down the door, when—

"Fire!" shouted the whig commander.

A sharp volley rang out upon the wintry air, and the terrified tories scattered in desperate haste, leaving several of their number wounded on the snow. Retreating some distance, they halted, and guided by the flash of the patriots' guns, returned a scattering fire. It did no harm, for those in the shed had changed their position, entering the mill by the unfastened front-door.

"Give it to the villains, men!" roared old Hugh Atkinson, as he discharged his rifle the third time at the wavering assailants.

Another volley was poured at them from the windows. Then with a cheer the whigs rushed from the building in pursuit of the enemy, who had already turned in flight. The tories were terribly punished, three of their number lay dead at the rear door of the mill, and several others were too badly wounded to escape. Among the latter were Samuel and Levi Doane. With curses and horrible profanity they yielded themselves up to their triumphant enemies.

"You had better visit my mill next time by day, neighbor Doane," said the miller to one of the brothers. "I'm sorry for ye, but ye'll come to worse than this if ye don't mend yer ways. I'll take ye now to the house and see how badly ye're hurt—both of ye."

A muttered imprecation was the only answer from the suffering and enraged men. Congratulating themselves on the successful defence of the mill, the defenders, in the morning, after a hot and bountiful breakfast, prepared by good Mrs. Atkinson, went to their homes—except the soldiers, who with the wounded tories on the sledge, which with the horses had been captured—proceeded to Newtown, some miles to the eastward. The dead were likewise removed, but not immediately buried, as the ground was frozen too hard to admit of that without great labor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARCH ON TRENTON.

Christmas Eve, 1776. A battle must be lost or won. The retreating Forlorn Hope of American Liberty is about to turn upon its pursuers. The Patriot Heart must now beat bravely, and the Patriot Arm must be strong.

Washington and his army were held in utter contempt by the British generals, who had sent word home that the war was about over. All through New Jersey the royal forces were posted, holding every important town and guarding all the highways. From New Brunswick to the Delaware, and thence as far down the river as Burlington, extended a line of British cantonments. Cornwallis, thinking that he had seen all safe, had gone to New York to recreate a little and make preparations to return to England. In a little while he intended to slip down into Jersey again, cross over into Pennsylvania, march to Philadelphia, hang up the patriot leaders by the neck, and then go home rejoicing over the downfall of American liberty. It was a very pretty plan. Lord Howe thought it admirable and easy of execution. The tories were jubilant, and the patriots feared their day of tribulation was near at hand.

Across the river at Trenton—across from Newtown where Washington had gathered his wasted regiments—was encamped an army of two thousand men, the greater part of them Hessians, under Colonel Rahl. The others were British light-horse. At Mount Holly, Burlington, Black Horse and Bordentown strong detachments of the enemy were stationed, the latter place being held by Colonel Donop with a force of full two thousand men. It was toward Trenton that the American leader looked and planned a bold attack, while feints were to be made against other points. Washington had selected the evening of the 24th of December as the time for setting forth on his expedition, rightly presuming that the enemy would be indulging in Christmas festivities, and therefore be less prepared for an attack.

As soon as the day was gone, the commander-in-chief of the American forces had gathered his men at the ferry and made preparations for crossing the river, hoping to reach the Jersey side by midnight. The day had been exceedingly cold and blustering, and the dark river was filled with floating ice; in addition to this a storm of sleet and snow set in. Many of the American officers, in view of these difficulties, regarded the passage as impossible. But Washington never despaired. "The enemy is upon the opposite shore," he said, sternly and firmly. "If we find them it must be now; if we do not they will find us." The first boat put off at dusk, the driving sleet rendering it even then almost impossible to see across the stream. In this boat was Col. Glover, who piloted the way at the head of his regiment of Marblehead fishermen. These were men who had passed all their lives upon water, yet they made this passage with the utmost difficulty. Washington followed with the main body of his troops, standing erect in his boat and giving his orders as calmly as if on solid ground. His voice sounded clear and strong in the darkness and the storm, and the hearts of his men took fresh courage as the cheering tones fell upon their ears.

The Jersey shore was reached before midnight, but the artillery was yet to come. Knox was entrusted with the duty of bringing it, and he would do it if mortal man could. But the work was a tedious and desperate one. One o'clock—two o'clock; the boats were still upon the river, battling with the ice, and they must come before the march could be commenced. It was an hour of fearful anxiety to that gallant band. At length all had crossed, and at nearly four o'clock the little army was on its way toward the enemy. It was nine miles to Trenton, and the order was given to march with the utmost speed. It was too late now, they feared, to think of such a surprise as had been at first contemplated; but there was no thought of return. If the snow had the effect of making the men very uncomfortable and of impairing the efficiency of their muskets, it had another effect not so bad: it formed a soft, noiseless road, over which the artillery was drawn, giving no notice of its approach. With the little army of heroes marching on toward the sleeping Hessians, we leave them and turn to another scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

A Mocking Bird and Snake.

One beautiful Sunday morning, in the early spring of last year, while walking with my little daughter in a field near our house, we observed a butcher bird flying to and fro among the bushes near a spring of water, and evidently in great fear. After watching its motions for some time, we concluded to go up nearer and see what was the cause of all its trouble. We had hardly reached the spot when a mocking bird swooped down as quick as a flash, and struck a large spreading adder which was on the ground near the bushes, and which, no doubt, soon would have had the butcher bird in its fangs. Again and again did this game bird light on the snake's back, and strike deep into it with its beak. The battle was a long one, and thinking it might be lost to the bird, I sent my little daughter for the hoe, and quickly dispatched the reptile.

The mocking bird does not know what fear is. It will attack any bird that flies. Often have I seen it sally out against the hawk, and make that chicken stealer leave the vicinity very fast. Let a mocking bird build near your house, and your young chickens have a good protector. It will disperse a whole army of crows; and should your dog go anywhere near its nest he is pounced upon, and ordered to leave. They are not afraid of man, and seem to know that he will not harm them. A pair of these birds build every year in a peach tree near to the house, and from early morning till late at night, and sometimes all night when the moon is shining, you hear the notes of this matchless songster. Its favorite position when singing is on the very top shoot of a small tree. There, resting and appearing as if transfixed by the sheer, it warbles that splendid medley that art sometimes imitates, but never equals.

☞ Notes of admiration—Love letters.

☞ A lady, who had a number of female servants in her family, and to each of whom she on one occasion gave a pair of cast-off, half-worn shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantel the following morning:—

"How careful should our mistress be
The narrow path to choose,
When all the maids within the house
Are walking in her shoes!"

WEARING MASKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Once upon a time" a thoughtless boy had become the happy possessor of a shilling. Now, with most boys that article becomes, for the nonce, a nest of fire, and burns a hole right through their pockets; and this boy was no exception to the rule. The shilling burned his pocket, and he was burning with impatience to get rid of the shilling; so off he posted to that Mecca of all juvenile pilgrims, the toy-shop, and cast about to find a prize for which to exchange it. There were toys of almost every kind, both useful and ornamental; and there were some which were neither useful nor ornamental; but a more special inventory would be superfluous, since most of my readers have once been children: but the boy passed by them all and chose a false-face, hideous in the extreme. With this and some other arrangements he disguised himself when the evening came, and stalked forth on his errand of mischief. He succeeded in frightening several small children, and in procuring a sound thrashing for himself, which was somewhat beyond his expectations, and probably more than frightened him.

You all say he was a naughty boy and it served him right. Yet there are those among us who daily wear their false-faces with impunity; and though not for the purpose of frightening us, yet with a far worse intent sometimes.

There is Mrs. Boniface, she is a boarding-house keeper, and the mask she puts on is truly a wonderful work of art, for it extends from the top of her head to the soles of her feet; upon the face of it is painted a smile made up of a mixture of self-satisfaction and insinuation; and every gesture carries out the idea, half in the dignity of self-assertion and half with a kind of Uriah Heep humility perfectly indescribable. Even her clothing partakes of the mask; for if you could see through the decent skirt and cloak of black alpaca, you would most probably see underneath the brown calico gown, torn, greasy, and redolent of that sickening odor, the ghost of once savory smells, gathered in the kitchen. This mask, when Mrs. Boniface wishes very much to meddle in what does not concern her, will tell a boarder who is so unfortunate as to possess *live* children, that really *she* does not see why folks need be so particular, but the occupants of the room below complain that her children make altogether too much noise. Should the boarder aforesaid take interest enough in the matter to inquire of her neighbors below, they will very likely deny the charge in toto. This mask is not a very pretty one; but still it will promise you almost any accommodation you may ask, which you may be sure the woman underneath will never perform; and thus, after all, the false-face is pleasanter than the real one, and not half as apt to frighten folks.

There is also Miss Araminta Lilyface. Her mask is a lovely one indeed; but alas! like her real face, is too good for everyday use, and so she puts it on only when she is in company, being especially careful to don it in the presence of gentlemen. It has a modest, gentle look; and a soft, low voice which is never modulated to a more exquisitely musical tone than when she speaks of her poor, dear papa, who has so many cares; or of darling mamma, around whose life she longs to make a perpetual sunshine; or gently reproves little brother for some rudeness or other fault. But behold! as the hall door closes after the departing visitor, the mask falls off, and what a face is this we see underneath! A scowl sits enthroned on the brow, and she stamps her foot as she orders that "pest of her life," the small urchin in knickerbockers, who was "little brother" awhile ago, to leave her presence instantly, or she will pull his hair well for him. In the morning she enters the breakfast-parlor slip-shod and frowsy, after every one else has breakfasted, and tells her "darling mamma" in sharp tones that she thinks she might have seen that there was something fit to eat kept for her: and as soon she soundly berates "poor, dear papa," because he has, in the crowd of business, neglected to carry her third order for the season to the milliner.

Young man, when you visit a young lady frequently and find her always at leisure to entertain you, the while she sweetly pities her careworn parents, look out! for you may just bet your life she wears a mask, and if you don't take care you will spend your sixpence for a false-face, and in that case the trouble of the boy quoted above will be nothing to yours.

But the maskers are not all ladies, by any means; and there is one of the other sex, whose masking propensities are so well known that it seems almost folly to mention it, and yet I cannot resist the temptation to speak of him, for his false-face has made more trouble in the world than all the rest.

This is Mr. Benedict, and his mask is generally a very handsome one, almost always better looking than the real face underneath. He puts it on when he first begins to pay attention to the young ladies, and very seldom puts it off till the wedding day is a month or more old. This mask is chivalrous and kind; sees all women as angels, and prates a great deal about the pleasures of domestic life with a dear wife to share his joys, and absorb his troublesomely overflowing love. After marriage the world sees but little change; but at home when he leaves his mask on the hall rack, along with his hat, the face his wife sees is quite a different one. The mask, when he used to wear it, always had a smile and a kiss ready for her; but the real face, if it has not a downright scowl, has at least that look of cold indifference so chilling to the warm pulses of a loving wife's heart.

The mask was generous, to a fault, and never tired of spending money to procure his lady-love delights, but the real man doles out pence where pounds are needed, and makes his wife beg for every sixpence she gets at that.

The mask threw away his scarcely lighted cigar as he rang the bell at his future father-in-law's door, but the real man squirts tobacco juice right and left in his own house, and leaves it for his wife to clean away.

The mask was constantly telling the maiden how lovely she was; while the real man tells the matron of the wondrous beauty of some younger lady.

The mask was very fond of public places of amusement, driving out, and so on, and never so happy as when acting as protector to the chosen of his heart on such occasions; whereas, the real man, if he chance to go with his wife for a quiet evening stroll—the extent of his pleasuring usually—leaves her to pick her own way, and walks so fast that she can scarcely keep pace with him.

But it is useless to enumerate farther; you all know the man. But, unfortunately, his wife does not; *she* knows the mask. For it was the beautiful false-face that wooed and won her, and is it any wonder that she regards the real face almost as an imposition, and certainly a swindle? Do you wonder that in her secret heart she will not acknowledge that this is the man she married? No, she wedded the handsome, loving mask; and as she closes her eyes, and revels with it in memory's hall, she ponders the grave question whether she would need a divorce to free her morally from this man to whom she is not wedded. Then an icy hand clutches her heart as she reflects that the thing which she married was only *a mask*.

There are thousands of other masks, of both sexes; for even the little children wear them far, far too often: but this sketch would swell to monstrous proportions were I to mention half. So I leave the subject with you, dear reader, hoping that it may help you to put off at least your own mask, if perchance you wear one; for when the real face is beautiful, as every human face might be, were men to adore them as they do their masks, no false-face is needed.

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MOSELLE LOTHAIRE.

The night I remember so well in the far distant Past, the night on which I dreamed that dream, which was not all a dream, was a Sunday night, it matters not which now, in the year 18—.

"Though years have fled and on my head
Old age's snow crown rests,"

yet the memory of that dream is as vivid as when I roused myself from that death-like slumber and tried to shake off the deadening weight which settled then and there upon my heart.

Like most young girls I loved, and he to whom I had given my young heart's purest affections had wooed and won me as well by the noble, high-minded, generous principles which governed his every action as by the handsome face and figure, which were the envy of half the young men in town.

Of him I thought most to-night—of my last parting with him six months previous, when he had clasped me to his throbbing heart, imprinted on lip and cheek and brow kisses of pure affection, and whispered that in one short year he would return and claim me as his own, his darling bride. His last words were, "Be thou but true to me, darling, and I will be true to thee;" and then he had torn himself away, and left me alone in my sorrow. But I did not repine—I knew that but for business, which called him to a distant city, he would not have left me, and six months of the twelve had passed away and I was beginning to look forward to the end with a happy heart. The last half year would soon roll itself into eternity, and I was very, very happy, for I had never doubted his truth—his letters had always been regular in their coming, and always breathed forth words of fondest affection. As I sat thinking of all these things, and conjuring up visions of a happy future, my senses yielded to the gentle influence, mine eyelids drooped, and the spirit, ever restless in its wanderings, took up the unbroken thread and winged its flight into the visionary realms of dreamland.

And thus I dreamed:—We, my Henry and I, were, as in reality, separated; yet my spirit followed him through all the changes of life. I hovered near him in his distant home—once more I gazed upon the noble form, the broad, expansive brow, and the soft brown eye. I saw him draw from its resting place the little miniature of myself, look at it with tender, loving glances, press it to his lips and murmur, "Darling, *darling* girl, what would I be without thee?" Then all the wild impulses of a dreamer concentrated themselves in the vain desire to clasp my arms about his neck, and thank him for his trust in me. But I could not move, and as I watched I saw him open letter after letter and read, until a bright smile illumed his face, and his eye beamed again with tender, loving light. Dreams have changes as well as reality, and even while I gazed the loving light died out from the eye, the smile faded from the lip, and the handsome face was darkened by a frown as black as midnight. For the first time in my life, and *then* it was in a dream, I saw the angry flush mantle his brow, and heard the taunting word "false" hissed from between his closed teeth. Then I saw him tear the letter he was reading into shreds and cast them into the blazing fire, exclaiming, "Thus perish all love for thee;" and casting one lingering look on the sad face that seemed to be pleading to him for mercy from the case which enclosed it, he threw it upon the floor, and placing his iron heel upon it, muttered, "Thus perish all *remembrance* of thee, false one," and the tiny miniature was crushed into a thousand atoms. Oh! how my spirit writhed in anguish, and how I longed to level myself to human form and tell him I was true to him—"not false, oh! no, *not false;*" but the spiritual essence of my being could utter no word, could make no motion by which to make itself understood, and in the agony of that moment I lived the miseries of a life-time.

Then came a blank—and again my spirit was wafted to another scene—a gay and festive scene—couples whirling in the giddy dance—diamonds and pearls sparkling in the light of the brilliant chandeliers—gauzes and muslins, silks and satins, bright and happy faces, and a confused murmur of voices mingled with gay and joyous music. All seemed gay and happy, but my spirit sought one alone in that vast assembly—he was standing by a lovely girl in the recess of one of the large bay windows, his eye beaming with the love it had once showered on me; he breathed her name in accents low and sweet; he clasped the white jewelled hand which was not withdrawn from his grasp, pressed it to his lips, and the eye that met his told him he was loved. Then there was a flash, an exultant flash from those same softened eyes, which seemed to say, as they glanced over this joyous throng, "He is mine, I have won him—take him from me *if you can.*"

And presently I saw creeping from the folds of her dress a venomous serpent, which fixed its adder-like eyes upon the face of the man I loved, and slowly, but surely, coiled itself around his arm. He, entranced with the lustrous beauty of the woman before him, saw not, or cared not for the its subtle windings, till the poisonous fangs were raised, and—oh! God, how I struggled for power to crush that vile reptile, with one mighty blow, ere they are buried in the heart of my Henry. But I was powerless to save—like a flash they strike deep in the unresisting flesh—he feels the deadly sting, and a deathly pallor overspreads his face—he leans heavily against the window and presses his hand to his brow, but he does not faint—he does not die, while she, that proud beautiful woman soothes him with honeyed words, and nimbly unwinding the reptile from his arm, coils it around her own—tells him "'tis a harmless thing"—*see*, it will not hurt her—see, how it nestles in the folds of her dress, and then she holds it aloft with a mocking laugh, and flings it high into the outer air. But it had left its sting behind, and in the agony that did not kill, he clasped her to his bleeding heart, and—then I knew no more till I was transported to another scene—a scene at the altar, where this same fair girl, radiant in her beauty and gorgeous in her attire, stood before the man of God, leaning upon the arm of him who had once been mine, and only mine. My spirit fluttered near him as he promised to take this woman as his wedded wife, and to be unto her a faithful, loving husband, in sickness and in death. He felt my presence, though I could not speak, and even as he imprinted upon her brow the kiss of wedded love a shadow swept across her face, and his eye fell beneath the influence of my presence. But I cared not to speak then—my heart was crushed, and I only knew that the cup of happiness which I had lifted to my lips, and *almost* drank of its sweet nectar, was suddenly dashed to the ground, and all my bright hopes were shattered in its fall.

And then there was another blank—a blank of many years—we may live a lifetime in a dream, and wake to find it but a dream. So my mind sped on through the flight of years, and borne to the death bed of an old gray-headed man, who in his fevered chamber had called upon my name, and I knew it was my loved one, but oh! how changed from the Henry of my former years. The dark chestnut curls no longer waved over a brow of marble whiteness—soft curling beard no longer covered a mouth and chin of flexible beauty—and the eye, his noblest feature, no longer sparkled with the brightness of early manhood. But the hair of snowy whiteness shadowed a brow that was deeply furrowed with care as well as *age*—the eye had grown dim with the weight of *years*, and the noble form was stretched on a bed of pain, from which he would never more rise, until borne away to its last resting-place—that bourne from whence none can return. There was no one near to soothe the throbbing brow, or gently guide from life to eternity the few remaining hours of life. That beautiful false woman was missing, and I thanked my God that this blessed privilege was reserved for me. I placed my cool hands on his forehead, whereon the death dews were fast gathering. I kissed therefrom the furrows of care, and called him by the fond, endearing names I had so often used in the days of our betrothal. He smiled, and thanked and blessed me, and the dim eye grew bright with tender love as he folded me to his bosom, with the unnatural fervor of a dying man, and murmured "Oh! Ida, through all these long years of suffering I have prayed that you would forgive and come to me ere all the bitter life should have passed from this frail tenement of clay, and at last! oh! at last—thank God you have come at last—Ida, I am dying, dying, and you do not forgive me." In vain I struggled to respond to this dying appeal. I could only press my lips to his brow, and show the forgiveness I could not speak, "God bless you, darling, mine, *mine* in death and eternity," and as he uttered these last words, with a last expiring effort, the arms tightened around my trembling form, the dim eyes unclosed for a moment and smiled upon me, then death's seal was set upon them, and I was alone with my loved dead.

The falling of a coal from the grate roused me from the death-like slumber that had settled upon me as a pall—I awoke with a start, gasping for breath, and struggling, as I then thought, with the great conqueror, Death, I arose from my cramped position, and tried to shake off the oppressive weight, whilst I involuntarily exclaimed, "Thank God it is but a dream." The storm had died away to low, wailing, pitiful sobs of sighing winds—my candle was flickering in its socket, and my fire had consumed itself away to a few smouldering embers. I was shivering with cold, and with the deathly stupor which had well nigh paralyzed my very being. Would to heaven that struggle had been my last, rather than that I should have lived to see the realization of most of that terrible dream, which like the fabled ghost of every household has followed me through the waste of weary years, haunting my daily thoughts and nightly visions with the spectral shadows of bygone years, and happiness gone, forever gone.

I sought my pillow, but fitful visions disturbed my slumbers. In the morning I rose, dull and unrefreshed—I strove to appear happy and cheerful—I kept repeating to myself "'twas only a dream," but all to no purpose; I was dull and spiritless all that day, and the next, and the next. The memory of that dream haunted me still; and I felt that "coming events cast their shadow before."

Is an interpretation necessary? Is it necessary to tell how the letters that had been my comfort through the months of separation gradually grew irregular, and at last ceased altogether—how day by day my spirits flagged beneath the grim disappointments that daily stared me in the face? Is it necessary to state how I wrote to him over and over again, until at last I grew too proud to write again, or solicit an explanation of his silence, though my heart was breaking in its sad hopelessness? And must I tell how, when I had ceased to hope and my heart had grown somewhat accustomed to its misery, there came a letter reproaching me for my *falsity*—(I who had been so true to him) and wishing *me* joy in *my* new-found happiness, which meant, I suppose, in the love of another, and telling me that *he* had found consolation for *his* grief, in the charms of a fair young girl, whom, in a few months he hoped to lead to the altar, and who would prove more faithful than I? Must I tell how I crushed this letter in my clinched hand, and stamped it under my feet and ground it in the dust; how I strove to tear out this false image from my bleeding heart; how the fountain of tears was dried and I could not weep; how the bright fever spot rose in my cheeks, and my eyes grew glassy and flashing in its passionful brightness?

Thousands of young hearts have felt the same. Thousands of earth's fair young daughters have felt the stings of slighted love—some have pined away and sunk into premature graves; some have wept awhile, then transferred their affections to others, and were as happy as they were before—while others have risen superior to such falsity, scorned the petty actors, and lost confidence in mankind generally. I only know I did not die, as I then prayed—I did not weep, but after the mad passion was over and the conflict ended, I rose from my seat with haughty pride, and the stern resolution to root out from my heart every spark of affection for this false lover; I knew that I had never been false to him—that I had never given him cause for such belief, and his accusation was but a cloak to cover his own duplicity. How I hated myself for ever having placed such blind confidence in him; for ever having loved, but to be betrayed. But I determined to outlive it. With fevered cheek and fire-lit eye I opened my writing-desk, took out therefrom each letter that had once been so dear to me, read and refolded, then packed them all together, with all the little mementoes of our happy betrothal, the ring which had been the seal, and the picture of the dear face which I must no longer look upon with love; I packed, sealed, and directed them with a firm hand, and despatched them to the office, without a single line either giving or seeking an explanation—only a request to return mine.

This task over, I prayed for strength to wipe out from my life this bitter trial—to erase from my heart all memory of this false idol. I laughed, and sung, and went to gay parties. I chatted with the silly popinjays who worshiped at my shrine—and to all outward appearances, I was the gayest of the gay—the happiest of the happy. I had eligible offers, and people wondered that I did not marry. They called me cold and heartless, but I cared neither for them nor their wealth, for the heart which was besieged by so numerous a coterie was dead and buried in the grave with all its fondest, brightest hopes. But the conflict was terrible; and often in the privacy of my own chamber, in the small wee hours of the night, have I lain with my face buried in my pillow, restless, miserable, and alone, struggling against fate, and scorning the gay crowd who talked to me of happiness.

In the course of time, he brought his bride to our little town—and we welcomed her in our circle with flattering words and assiduous attentions. The bride of Henry Carrol must not be slighted; *he* who had been the favorite of old and young; *he* who had been the lion of our fashionable circle for so many years, now that he had returned, bringing with him a young and lovely bride, must not lack for attention, congratulations, wedding-parties, dinners, &c., and I had need to harden the mask that I might betray no emotion save that of joy and pleasure. No shadow of pain should cross my brow—no sigh of anguish escape my lips—the steel hardened heart should feel no unusual throb of love or jealousy. I would be brilliantly gay—I would prove to him and the world that I had been true to myself and had outlived the wrong. When he would note the bright beaming smile, and sparkling eye—the light, ringing laugh that seemed to gush from a happy heart, he would look at me in silent wonder and admiration. (Poor miserable heart! you did your duty well.) And sometimes methought I could detect a shade of remorse—a tender, fixed gaze—a pained look of doubt and misgiving, as his glance would wander from his bride to myself, and back again to her.

She was, indeed, a magnificent woman, tall and elegant in figure, with broad, heavy bands of shining black hair, which shadowed a brow of pearly whiteness—ruby lips, slightly curved, and an eye of jetty blackness, endowed with the double faculty of attracting and repelling—attracting by its magnetic lustre and liquid softness—repelling by its cold, steely glitter. I instinctively shrank from her, and I could never meet the gaze of that glittering eye (for it always seemed to glitter when it turned on me) without thinking of the venomous serpent pictured in my dreams, as creeping from the folds of her dress, coiling himself so treacherously around the arm of my betrothed, and burying its poisoned fangs into his heart. How I hated her for having robbed me of my only treasure! And I was glad when he took her away to his distant home, for I could not endure the sight of that proud, false face, which I felt in my very soul was false to the heart's core. He carried her away, and I never saw her again; but years after, when all the brightness of my young life had worn out, and my "bonny brown hair" was streaked with silver threads, he came to our native town a miserable, heart-broken old man, whose noble form was bowed beneath the weight of sorrow—whose snowy locks were bleached more by care than age—whose once once beaming eye had grown dim with the burden of unshed tears. He had come to spend the few remaining years of his life amongst the friends of happier days. But the years were destined to be shortened, and ere he had been there many weeks they sent for me to come to him. He was dying, and he expressed a wish to see me. Pride could not keep me back then, for I knew he was alone in his sorrow, and I felt that the long secret of our estrangement was about to be divulged.

And so I went to him, and it was then I learned of the deception this false woman had practiced to win him from his allegiance to me—the flattering words and wily smiles—the poisoned arrows aimed at my truth and constancy—the interception of letters, and lastly the fatal one which told of my falsity—of broken pledges and betrothal to another. *Then* he no longer doubted, and pride and misery and a craving for sympathy urged him on to bow beneath the influence of her charms and to commit the deed that had brought him only bitter grief and a vain struggling against Fate. But he had striven to be unto her a kind, affectionate husband, and now she was dead, and on her dying bed she had confessed all this and implored his forgiveness. What could he do but forgive, even as he hoped to be forgiven? And now that *his* days were numbered, he had felt that he could not go until he had made me the only reparation in his power for the wrong he had unwittingly done me, which was a full confession and a dying appeal for forgiveness.

"Oh! Ida, God knows I loved you, and I would not have wronged you wilfully. It was hard to believe you false, and could you know the suffering, the mental agony I have endured through all these long years, you would pity and forgive; for, but too soon did I find that my fair, beautiful wife did not love me as you had loved, and but too soon did I feel that my heart still clung to its early love—that this second love was but an infatuation, which soon passed away and left me hopeless and miserable. And oh! Ida, my darling, I have prayed through all these long years that the time would come when I could explain it all to you and feel myself forgiven ere all this bitter life had passed away, and at last, oh! at last it has come."

Oh! how these words brought back the memory of that haunting dream, and how I shuddered as I recalled it and all the painful life that had been my lot since, and I told him of that warning vision, of the fierce struggle I had endured, and he pressed me to his bosom and begged me to tell him he was forgiven. I bowed my head upon his, kissed the death-like brow and murmured, "Henry, my first, my only love, I have loved you through all the changes of life. The heart that was yours and only yours has been dead to all others, and shall this life-abiding love perish now, even in the embrace of death?"

"God bless you, darling, for that blessed assurance, *now* I can die in peace. Kiss me again, Ida, and come closer, that I may see you once more before I go," and the dim eye closed, and he lay as one dead—but soon the lips murmured again, and I bent my ear to catch the dying whisper, "In heaven, Ida, meet me—there—" and he turned his face to me and smiled—and Henry Carroll's spirit had winged its flight to the shores of immortality.

I followed him to the lowly grave, where they covered him up with the moist earth, and left him; there, by the side of this new-made grave, I laid down the burden I had borne so long. A holy calm settled upon my heart, for I knew that he was waiting for me, and I should follow him soon. There was no further need of struggling against fate. I did not weep, for though he had been the husband of another, he was *mine* in *death* and *eternity*, and when the summons shall come to call me to join my Henry in the spirit-land, I shall heal it with holy gladness; and thus will end the "Dream of Life," whose tangled threads will be caught together in heaven and woven into a life of eternal bliss. We shall meet and know each other there.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NOVELS AND NOVELISTS of the Eighteenth Century, in illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M. A., Q. C., author of the "Life of Cicero," ect. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. "The object of this work," says the author, "is to make use of fiction as the exponent of fact, and to show what information is to be gleaned as to the habits and manners and social life of our ancestors from the novels of the last century." The author is an Englishman, and writes exclusively of English manners and morals of that day.

VIVIA. A Modern Story. By FLORENCE WILFORD, author of "Nigel Bartram's Ideal," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

OLD AND NEW for July. Special number for "Commencement." Contains the beginning of a novel, "Ups and Downs," by EDWARD E. HALE, "Edward Everett's College Life," and other good reading matter. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

☞ Cure for brain on fire—Blow it out.

☞ Don't let your cattle stray; they often wander to the most mysterious places; we once saw a *cow-hide* in a shoemaker's shop.

☞ It is said of a fashionable lady who went to a party not long since that she arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until after 12 o'clock.

☞ A naughty little boy blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down the river on the Sabbath, upon being admonished, said: "I didn't want to go a swimmin' with 'em, ma. I only wanted to go down and see the bad little boys drown for going a swimmin' on a Sunday."

☞ The Lord Chief Justice of England has very properly decided that a horse race is not a game of chance. The whole thing is a mathematical certainty; the horse that is able to lay his feet down farthest apart in the shortest time wins the race, if his wind holds out, and he isn't jockeyed. It is pure science.

☞ A Baltimore poet, taking up an old theme, gives the end of Cleopatra in this style:—

"She got a little p'ison snake
And hid it in her gown;
It gave its little tale a shake,
And did her job up brown.

"She tumbled down upon her bed,
Where she was wont to lie,
Removed the chignon from her head,
And followed Anthony."

☞ The effete aristocracy of Old England can yet read a lesson to the matrons of New England. The first twenty four names in the Peerage show families of 272 children, or more than eleven to each bloated aristocrat.

☞ "Sam, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes toward the south in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de climate ob de norf, and goes to do souf, where he 'speriences warmer longitude."

☞ It costs $133 to dust Boston's big organ. It is done once a year.

☞ A schoolmaster asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm happy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

☞ The United States can certainly claim the greatest pedestrian, but Newfoundland carries off the oratorial palm. On the 24th ult., in the House of Assembly, a measure came up concerning wolf skins, which was violently opposed by a member, but it seemed that in spite of his exertions the bill would pass. Accordingly he got the floor at 4 o'clock, P. M., and continued to speak until 4 P. M., the next day. The whole Assembly, tired out, voted against the measure at the conclusion of his effort. The orator, it is said, slept 48 hours afterward without waking.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7500 bbls sold at from $5.00@5.25 for superfine; $5.37½@6 for extra; $6.25@7.50 for Northwest family, $6.00@6.75 for Penna family; and $8.00@9.50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5.00@5.50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—13,000 bus Delaware sold at $1.41@1.45; 20,000 bus western $1.45@1.50; amber at $1.50@1.55, and white at $1.60@1.75. Rye—Sales of 1200 bus at $1.00@1.05. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus Western mixed at 72@74c, and 30,000 bus Western and Penna yellow at 74@76c. Oats—Sales of 50,000 bus at 62@63c for mixed, and 64@65c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $15.50@16 ₱ bbl. Warshman's city packed extra Mess Beef at $18. Beef Hams at $26@28. Bacon—Sales of plain sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15c; canvased Western at 14@15c; Sides at 8½@10c, and Shoulders 7½@7¾c. Green Meats—sales of Pickled Hams, small size, at 12½@13½c; Sides at 7½@8½c; shoulders, in salt, at 6½@6¾c. Lard—Sales at 10@11c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of factory at 7@12c for old and new. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 10@18c, and choice grades 20@25c. Eggs sell at 19@22c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been moderately active: Sales of 600 bales Middlings at 21@21½c for Upland and New Orleans, closing at 21@21½c ₱ ℔.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $13@15 ₱ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 33@34c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples. Sales of the former at 3½@7c, and the latter at 11@12c for halves.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,60@1,70; mixed do, $1,40@1,50; Straw, $1,50@1,60.

HOPS—Sales at 13@16c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 1200 tons of No. 1 at $35 ₱ ton; 700 tons of No. 2 at $33, and Gray Forge at $32,25 ₱ ton. Bar is worth $75, and Scotch Pig sells at $32@32,50 ₱ ton. Nails sell at $4,75 ₱ keg.

SEEDS—Flaxseed sells at $2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 7½@8¾ cts ₱ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $30 to $65 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ ℔. 2200 Hogs sold at from $6,50 to $7 ₱ 100 ℔s.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.
ap22-1f

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may27-13t

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE.

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes* and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail. Address, S. C. UPHAM, 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. may27-13t

A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july1-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 6m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his "Family Physician," 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may13-1y

The Prettiest Woman in New York society, last winter, was a rough-skinned, freckled-faced lady in Dayton, O., but one year ago. She used Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face and hands with such persistency, that her complexion became her greatest attraction. It will do the same for any one. It will obliterate Sallowness, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sunburn, &c., give a marble-like complexion, and perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Magnolia Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon is to the hair. It not only beautifies the hair, but stimulates its growth, and prevents it from falling out or turning gray. All Druggists keep these articles. jy15-1m

ALL powders and outward applications close up the pores of the skin, rendering it harsh, coarse and flabby, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a Fresh, Healthy and Youthful appearance, purge the system thoroughly; use HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS and HELMBOLD'S SARSAPARILLA, which beautifies the complexion. Beware of those cheap patent pills, carelessly prepared by inexperienced persons—vended in wooden boxes—most of which contain either calomel, mercury or other deleterious drugs.

Interesting to Ladies.

Mrs. Rudway, of White Plains, N. Y., has had a Grover & Baker machine six years, during which time she has earned on it five hundred dollars, besides doing her family sewing, and has used only one dozen needles.

Rose Cold, Hay Fever, are conquered by Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

"GOD WILLS IT SO."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY LAURA A. BOYCE.

Then matters it not if the human soul,
With the noble powers that God has given,
To the sinful passions gives control,
Nor seeks to rise to the light of Heaven?
Oh matters it not if each noble thought
Is yielded up to the taint of sin—
That life's great work is all unsought,
When a royal guerdon ye might win?

Thou "didst not ask for this life of pain"—
True, life is a gift to each unsought;
But do you deem this thinking brain,
With its mighty powers, was given for naught?
God gave the mind, and the will so strong—
Gave reason's light, the right to know,
With power to choose; if you choose the wrong,
How can you say that "He wills it so?"

"Thou art as He made thee?" stop and think
Of the far-off time in the long ago,
Ere you learned to love the maddening drink,
That has blighted soul and body so.
Canst thou not feel the touch again
Of a mother's hand upon thy brow?
Thou *wert* what *God* had made thee *then*—
Thou art what *sin* hath made thee *now*.

Yes, "bury the past in the grave of the past"—
But the future lies open before thee still;
Wilt thou not seek the good at last?
You may rise to the light, if you only will.
Oh turn away from the road to death—
God joyeth never in mortal's woe;
But he asks of all who have life and breath,
A life of truth, for He wills it *so*.

RHODA'S PRINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It was a little low room, away up in the highest story of a lonesome old tenement-house, for all there were so many people in it, to which Rhode Alstyne climbed that winter afternoon. She was tired with walking up and down the streets since eight o'clock that morning in search of work, when there was no work to be found, and the long, creaking old stairs seemed longer than ever before she reached the top of them. Rhoda was a pretty girl, but she had a sorrowful, weary look in her face this afternoon that blotted out the bright and happy beauty that ought to have been there.

"No work to be had," she said, with a great sigh of disappointment. "No work—and what am I to do?"

Sure enough, Rhoda, what are you to do? Winter is coming—is here already, in fact—for outside the air is keen and cold, and there must be a fire within to keep the frost out. There must be warm clothes and food. How are *you* to get these things?

Rhoda had puzzled her wise little head over this question so long that she could scarcely think of anything else. If there had been no one but herself, she could have got along some way, but there was Susie. Susie must be taken care of, come what might. When their mother had died, two years before, she had promised never to forsake the child, and she never would. There were families in which she could have found a home for Susie, but she could not break her promise given to their dead mother. She would cling to her sister, and trust that some good luck would turn up in their favor. She had been looking for work for three or four days past, but somehow there was either nothing to be done, or so many to work that there was not enough to go around. She had tried the shops; had applied for family-sewing; had solicited a position as saleswoman, but in vain. There was no position that she could secure that would enable her to get her living and Susie's, to say nothing of the clothes that they must have.

It isn't any wonder, then, that Rhoda felt discouraged as she climbed the old stairs. She had just two dollars in the little black pocket-book she carried so carefully, for fear she should lose it. That would buy food and fuel for a few days to come. But where was the rent money coming from?

She had asked such puzzling questions over and over of herself so many times in the last few days, that her head was "all a muddle." She was never very good at answering conundrums. Such conundrums as these which puzzled her were the worst kind of ones. She began to think there was no answer to them. If there was, she could not find it, and she tried hard enough.

There was a swift patter of little feet inside the little, low room as Rhoda's steps creaked on the last stair, and a child came running to meet her. A pretty child of five or six, with sunny, flaxen hair and blue eyes, like dewy violets.

"I'm *so* glad you've come, Rhoda," she cried, and put up her plump lips for a kiss.

"Were you lonesome, Susie?" asked Rhoda, as she entered the room, and dropped wearily into a chair.

"Oh, *awful*," answered Susie, untying her sister's bonnet and unpinning the thin, worn shawl. "Awful lonesome, Rhoda."

"Has any one been here since I went away?" asked Rhoda.

"Yes," answered Susie; "that big, black man that comes so often. He came to see you, he said."

"Mr. Fields!" gasped Rhoda. "Oh dear! he couldn't have come to see about the rent yet, for it won't be due for two weeks, and he told me the last quarter that he wouldn't be hard on me. I wonder what he wanted?"

"I don't know," answered Susie. "He said he'd come again this evening."

"This evening!" cried Rhoda in dismay. "I do wonder what for."

And then she got up and began to put the room to rights. That wasn't a very difficult matter, however, because there was so little in it to be put to rights. But what there was, was clean and neat, if it was worn and old.

After that they ate their frugal supper, and then Rhoda sat down to puzzle over the one great question that perplexed her, and to wonder what Mr. Fields could be coming to see her for. Mr. Fields owned the tenement-house. He was a man of middle age, and not a very disagreeable person in appearance, but Rhoda had always been a little afraid of him.

By-and-by he came. Rhoda knew who it was when she heard his step creaking on the stairs. She was half scared as she opened the door to admit her visitor.

"Good-evening," he said, as he entered the plain, little room. There was an air of evident embarrassment in his manner as he greeted her.

"Good evening, sir," answered Rhoda, as she placed him a chair near the fire. "Susie told me you called to-day, while I was out."

"I did," answered Mr. Fields. "I called to see you—on business."

And then it came about, how Rhoda could never quite tell, because it was so unexpected, so sudden, that Mr. Fields asked her to be his wife. He would give Susie and herself a good home. His wife had been dead a year, and he must have some one to take care of his three little children. Would she come?

"Oh, sir—I couldn't," cried Rhoda. "I am so—so—surprised,—that I don't know what to do. You are so—so much older than I am, and ——," and there Rhoda broke down and began to cry.

"I know," answered Mr. Fields, as though to reassure her. "I can tell just how you feel. I didn't expect you'd really know your own mind right away, and I don't ask you to decide at once. I'm going into the country to my sister's to-morrow, and shan't be back for a week. Take that time to think of it in. I know I'm older than you, but you'll be sure of a good home, and that's considerable. And your sister could go to school. That's another good thing. You see, I've thought it all over, and look at it in a practical, common sense way, as I want you to. I'm a practical man. I want a good wife, and I think you will make me one. Of course I don't want you to have me unless you want to, but I think you will find it for your interest to accept my proposal. Think of it while I am gone. I will call again in a week to find out your answer."

And then he went away, leaving poor Rhoda in more of a muddle than ever before. An offer of marriage! Like Bulwer's hero—"what should she do with it?"

Here was a chance to get out of one dilemma. By marrying this man, she could secure a home for herself and Susie. But could she marry him? Would life with him be pleasant? She had dreams of a happy fireside shared with a man whose tastes were something like her own; a man who would kiss her morning and evening, and call her pretty names, and read to her, and bring her flowers. Could she let this man kiss her? Or rather, would such a practical man ever *want* to kiss her, except from a "sense of duty?" Could she drag out a long life in companionship with a man whose tastes were nothing like her own? Oh, no! oh, no! But then, there was the *home* to be gained, and the education that Susie could have! How could she decide what to do?

She dreamed all night of Mr. Fields, and thought that she had married him, and that people asked her if she didn't pity the former Mrs. Fields, the poor thing, and if she didn't find it quite a trial to be step-mother to two such unruly children as his were. She woke up with a terrible headache. That day she stayed at home. She had enough to think of, without wandering up and down the streets in search of work. And such a thinking as poor Rhoda kept up! But the more she thought, the less she knew what to do.

The next day a lady brought a dress for her to make, and that helped to make the time pass off more swiftly. It was three days before the dress was completed. So four days had gone by since Mr. Fields had proposed marriage to her, and she had not decided what to do. It was so hard to do what was for the best. If she only *knew*, but she did not.

On the fifth day, she carried the dress home, but the lady was out of town, and Rhoda had to go back home without the money that she needed badly to purchase food with. They had been living on short rations for the last two days. She had bought a little wood, and a little wood cost what was to her a great deal of money. The sixth day was a very long and dreary one to Rhoda. It snowed all day, and she could not get out to look for work. Though she had begun to think it nearly useless to search for work any way. About as well look for the philosopher's stone. She wondered if there were many others like her in that great wide city?

Should she—or should she not? Over and over she asked herself the question. At last she got up in sheer desperation, resolving to think no more about it—as if such a course were possible—and let fate decide the whole matter when the time came for decision. She must tell Mr. Fields what she would do to-morrow night, she supposed. Something might happen to show her what course to pursue.

She took Susie in her arms, after the farce of eating supper, when there was scarcely anything to eat, had been gone through with, and sat down close by the fire to keep warm. How fast the wood burned up. There were only a few sticks left. She could not get her pay for making the dress until day after to-morrow. They must get along some way until then.

"I'm real hungry," said Susie, cuddling down closer into Rhoda's arms. "Tell me a story, and maybe I'll forget."

So Rhoda hugged her little sister up close and began to tell her a story of a poor maiden who got lost, once upon a time, in a great wood through which she was carrying a poor little lost lamb. By-and-by a great wolf came along, a fierce hungry thing, who snapped at her hands as she beat him back, and who looked longingly at the little lamb she carried. Just as the wolf was about to leap upon her a great giant happened to come that way. He drove back the wolf and promised to keep him at bay if she would come and live with him in his castle. The maiden hardly knew what to do. To be left to battle with the cruel, hungry wolf, or accept the giant's offer. For the sake of the little white lamb she carried in her bosom she was about to tell the giant she would go with him, when a wandering prince came that way and rescued her from the giant and the wolf.

And there poor Rhoda broke down and began to cry. She was the poor maiden of her own story. It was hers to choose between the giant and the wolf. There might be giants a great deal worse than this giant who offered to save her, but if she did not like him, how could she go to live with him in his castle that would be more like a prison to her? Wouldn't it bar her in forever from the realization of the pleasant dreams that had been hers?

There was a tread of feet on the stairs. Rhoda shuddered, and caught her breath in quick gasps. Was the giant coming? The wolf was already there.

Some one knocked. She went to the door with Susie in her arms and opened it. A young man stood there, browned and bearded, with a face full of welcome and gladness.

"Don't you know me, Rhoda Alstyne?" he cried, cheerily. "I should know you anywhere. Why, I'm Tom Sherwood, your old playfellow that went out west five or six years ago. Don't you remember how I used to tell you I was going to marry you some day? I've come back to do it now, Rhoda, if you don't say no."

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" Rhoda cried, and put out both her hands, her face fairly radiant with happiness. "I'm *so* glad to see you! You don't know what you have saved me from, Tom. I believe God sent you here to-night!"

"Is he your prince, Rhoda?" asked Susie, looking from one to the other, half jealous of the kisses the brown and bearded man was stealing from Rhoda's cheeks.

"Yes—Susie—my little white lamb—the prince that will keep wolf and giant away," answered Rhoda with happy tears in her eyes and the sound of tears in her voice. "Oh, Tom, it don't seem possible that it's you. It seems more like a dream. It's too good to be true, almost."

"If it's a dream it's going to come true," answered Tom. 'What does little midget here mean about your prince?"

And then Rhoda, halfway between laughing and crying, had to tell it all over to Tom, who couldn't help the tears coming into his own eyes once in a while as he listened.

"Only to think!" cried he—when she was through—"how near I came to losing you. One day longer, and I might have been too late! I hunted for you for three or four days, high and low, before I could find any trace of you." And then he told her about the pleasant prairie farm out west that was waiting for a mistress, and Susie clapped her hands in glee to know that flowers grew wild there, and that she could hear the birds and run all day long in the lush, rank grass, and have what had long been her sole desire—a kitten.

"Yes, and half a dozen if you want 'em!" cried Tom, kissing first her, and then Rhoda. "I always told you I was coming to marry you, Rhoda, and I kept my word, you see."

You may be pretty sure what kind of an answer Mr. Fields got when he came next night.

"Rhoda ain't a' 'goin' to marry you," Susie told him, "for her prince has come—that's Tom, ain't it, Rhoda?" And Rhoda answered yes.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

Little Feet of Chinese Women, Marriages, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Custom has been denominated "a second nature," a "tyrant," an "uncompromising judge," and a "pitiless task-master." But neither any of those who thus vent their spite on the Hydra-headed monster who laughs to scorn their impotent efforts to escape his toils, nor yet the veriest slave of fashion in London, Paris, or our own Gotham, has the faintest conception of the galling chains with which in *Oriental lands* the tyrant custom binds his hapless victims—throwing reason, religion and human happiness in one scale, which rises light as the buoyant air, and the single item of national usage into the other, far outweighing all the rest. Nor is it optional, as with us, to receive or reject the dictates of custom in mere matters of taste or etiquette—the man who dared to do so would be branded and hissed out of society; so that the slightest departure from its arbitrary decisions is deemed impossible; and even in matters most nearly affecting the happiness of the social and domestic relations, men *dare* not lift a dissenting voice. The fabled Titans who piled Pelion upon Ossa never conceived of so Herculean a task as national custom demands of the Oriental; nor did ever martyr bound to the stake evince more fortitude than do the ardent, impassioned children of those sunny climes, in crushing down the strongest and tenderest impulses of the heart, and crucifying the warm, earnest affections that form life's brightest charm, till their loving, passionate nature seems encased in stoicism, and the roseate day-dreams of early youth are supplanted by the demon of distrust and the ceaseless gnawings of useless regret. As usual, the penalty of this perversion of nature's laws falls most heavily on woman, and it is she who must drain to the very dregs the bitter cup thus entailed upon her race. Witness the cruel practice of the Chinese in compressing the feet of their female children. To such an extent is this carried, that the foot of an adult lady of rank is actually smaller than that of an infant; and despite the agonizing screams of the poor child, the bandages are drawn each day tighter and tighter, till the dwindling away of the distorted member shows that farther reduction of size is impossible; while during all the years of childhood so painful is this compressing process, that the little ones, if unwatched, will often tear off the bandages in excess of agony, and their frantic screams may be heard for squares around. Those compelled to submit to this cruel process are, of course, rendered cripples for life; and in a majority of cases the constitution receives a shock from which it never wholly recovers. Then they must, even when they grow up, if able to go out at all, hobble along supported by a cane, or leaning on the shoulder of a servant, with a gait so evidently painful to themselves and so indescribably awkward and repulsive to others as to render them objects of pity, almost of disgust. But then the possession of this small foot proves its fortunate proprietor to belong incubitably to the charmed circles of "upper tendom," and the woman herself, despite her pain and inconvenience, is really grateful *in mature years* that her parents have thus fitted her to adorn the higher circles of society, from which she must inevitably have been cast forth had the foot remained of its natural size.

Another absurd requisition of the tyrant custom is found in the practice prevalent in many parts of the East, of cutting off the long, glossy, raven tresses with which nature so lavishly enriches the women of the tropics, and which constitute so graceful an adornment of feminine beauty. Nor is she ravished of those glossy locks, that she may use them, as did the patriotic maiden of ancient Carthage, twisting them into bow-strings, with which to send the arrows of death whizzing to the hearts of her country's enemies; but merely, it would seem, to reduce the sum total of her charms, and render her less attractive than nature has designed. Then, as if this shearing process were not sufficiently disfiguring, in many countries, Cambojia, Siam and Tsoo for example, a small tuft of hair is suffered to remain on that portion of the cranium where phrenologists locate the organs of benevolence and veneration; and this tuft, usually about four inches in diameter, is so stiffened by the frequent application of a mixture of bees-wax and oil, as to stand perfectly erect, and separate itself into numerous, slender locks, in form and stiffness not unlike the bristling quills of the enraged porcupine. It must however, be admitted that this style of hair-dressing is not more absurd, or at all more unbecoming than many of the coiffures prevalent in Europe, during the sixteenth, seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries, when "women of fashion were compelled to ride with their heads thrust out of carriage windows, or kneel down in the carriage to accommodate them within"—a style rather quaintly described by an author of the last century:

"A cap like a bat,
(Which was once a cravat,)
Part gracefully plaited and pinned in;
Part stuck upon gauze,
Resembles mackaws,
And all the fine birds of the Indies.

"But above all the rest
A bold Amazon's crest
Waves nodding from shoulder to shoulder;
At once to surprise,
And ravish all eyes,
To frighten and charm the beholder."

Another fashion prevalent in the East, and common to both sexes, is that of wearing the finger-nails six, eight, and even ten inches in length! This practice seems to our western eyes revolting in the extreme; but the Oriental exquisite values these long nails so highly, that in private, little, conical silver or gold caps are worn to protect them from injury; but these are always removed when the lady or gentlemen appears in full dress, that the length and beauty of the nail may be fully exhibited. This absurd fashion doubtless had its origin in the Oriental idea that *all work is degrading*; and so, of course, no kind of manual labor is possible with such nails, the wearing of them proves indubitably, that the fortunate owner is able to live without work, and is by inference a man of wealth.

A still more inconvenient custom, and one almost universal throughout eastern and southern Asia, is that of never permitting the head of an inferior to reach the level of that of his superior in rank.

As a necessary consequence, servants, no matter what work they are engaged in, if in the presence of their masters, must crouch down on the floor, or creep about on their hands and knees—thus bringing in meals, waiting at table, fanning their superiors. Wives may not eat at the same table with their lords, nor mingle with them in the thousand loving little acts of affection that, among Western nations, render the marriage relation so peculiarly endearing. And subjects must always bow their faces almost to the earth when the King approaches; and no matter how long his "infallible Majesty" may think fit to prolong a levee, while he happens to be amused, or chooses to remain in the throne room, every one present, even the highest noble of the realm, must sit in this most uneasy and ungraceful attitude, crouching before the throne, with head bowed and feet bent under him, so that "His Serene Highness" the King may not have his very comfortable sense of superiority interfered with by a sight of the pedal extremities of his less fortunate subjects. The higher the rank of the noble, the more frequently he is brought in contact with royalty, and hence the more onerous becomes his duty in respect to this absurd custom. I well remember an old noble I met in the East, who having occupied the exalted post of Prime Minister for some twenty years or more, and during all that time, having to spend many hours daily in the presence of his King, his arms had become so stiff as to be almost useless, and the skin had grown as callous and almost as rough as the hide of the rhinoceros.

Other customs, equally senseless, might be alluded to—customs for the observance of which no possible reason can be assigned, except that "it is the custom of the country;" and this, to an Oriental, is far more potent than any motive that could be drawn from common sense, philosophy, reason, or religion—a reason that no provocation can induce him to run counter to, and from which he never, even in thought, dissents.

But of all the sacrifices laid by the devotees of this false system upon the altars of national usage, none is so monstrously absurd, so utterly suicidal as regards domestic bliss, and the beautiful relations of home life, as that which forbids the association of the sexes in general society. Woman thus loses the highest motive to the cultivation of her intellect, as well as the strength of character and knowledge she inevitably acquires by association with the other sex; while man is left to revel all unchecked in the unmitigated sternness and roughness of masculinity, and fails utterly of the attainment of the gentle sensibilities and heart virtues so needed to soften the asperities of his ruder and stronger nature. Thus too, on entering the conjugal relation, the parties meet as utter strangers, assigned to each other by the choice of relatives, and learning mutually, not only the *personale*, but the moral and mental qualities of the life companion, when it is too late to rectify any mistake however fatal to happiness.

Closely veiled from all eyes and surrounded by her maidens, the bride is brought in gay procession, with music and mirth, to the abode of her future husband, at the entrance to which she is met by his mother or some other matronly relative, conducted to the *inner* apartments, and there sumptuously entertained by all the *female* relations of both houses, till the days appointed for nuptial feasting have been fulfilled and the guests return to their homes. Then the veil is lifted by the newly-made husband, and for the first time the bride and groom look into each other's eyes. Who may measure the untold interest of this longed-for interview! What a life-time of joy or sorrow may be condensed into that moment of time, as each reads a future of happiness or misery in the glance of an eye, the curl of a lip, or the first mute utterance of the strange recognition.

But happy or the reverse, well-mated or fearfully mismatched, there is no resource. The knot has been tied, and so it must remain. Yet, strange to say, cases of infidelity to the marriage vow on the part of the wife are exceedingly rare in the East, and divorces are almost unknown. Meekly submissive to the assignments of fate, the Oriental wife, if unloved, crushes down her passionate nature, and seemingly encased in stoicism, fulfills to the last her conjugal duties with singular fidelity, though withering hourly like some fair flower blighted by the untimely frost. But if made of sterner stuff,

"She may bide the buffets of her fate,
Rear her babes beneath the bamboo cot,
Bearing the sorrows of woman's lot,
Perchance for many a year."

While her sensual lord brings in from time to time new wives; and in the failure of one love, solaces himself with the oft-repeated novelty of never-ending amours.

Such, alas! is the lot of woman where Christianity finds no place. It is only where the religion of the Bible prevails that woman finds her true sphere—neither a goddess nor a slave, neither crushed beneath the heel of her tyrant, nor pandered with as a beautiful flower, without a soul or an immortal destiny; and surely it becomes the woman of such a land as ours to repay the thousand blessings a merciful Providence showers in her path by dispensing them, as far as may be, to her less favored sisters of other climes.

The Thief's Device.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope for life. He sent for his jailor, and told him that he had a secret of great importance, which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. Upon receiving this piece of intelligence, the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said:

"I remember, in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration, answered:

"It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it.

And the priest said:

"You forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed—

"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us!"

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

Proverbs of All Nation.

A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war.

A fox should not be on the jury at a goose's trial.

Justice will not condemn even the devil wrongfully.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

An old dog cannot alter his way of barking.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Avarice increases with wealth.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed.

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

Good bargains are pickpockets.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

He is idle that might be better employed.

He who would stop every man's mouth, must have a great deal of meal.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if man ride him.

He that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

If an ass goes a travelling, he'll not come home a horse.

If better were within, better would come out.

It is more easy to praise poverty than to bear it.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is a pity that those who taught us to talk, did not also teach us when to hold our tongue.

Cure for the Small-Pox.

The treatment of small-pox in the State Almshouse in Massachusetts, where the disease has prevailed for three months, has been singularly successful. Out of about sixty cases, but one fatal result occurred, and that was in the case of a man who was taken to the house in the last stage of the disease. The remedy used with so much success was a tea made from a plant known in the Materia Medica as *Sarracenia Purpura*, familiarly called Ladies' Saddle or Water Cup, the medicinal virtue of which lies in the root. The effect of the remedy, which has been newly discovered and found remarkably efficient whenever tried, is to allay the fever and irritation caused by the formation of pustules, which are rapidly dried up, leaving but slight, of any, traces.

AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Come closer, love, and nestle down
  Beside me, while the summer day
Goes out beyond the hills to crown
  The lands with gladness far away.
Come, put your little hand in mine,
  Your head upon my shoulder lay;
Love makes such hours as this divine,
  The dearest hours of all the day.

How often when the day has passed
  From sight beyond the far blue hill,
We've sat to watch her at the last,
  And felt the busy world grow still.
It seemed as though some dear old friend
  Was going, going out of sight,
The pains and doubts of earth to end
  In some glad clime unknown to night.

And when we saw her face no more,
  But heard eve's footsteps, soft and low,
We whispered, darling, o'er and o'er
  The words that only lovers know.
And by those words we came to call
  The peaceful, shadowy hour of eve,
The best and dearest of them all
  In which a lover's dreams to weave.

I hear the twilight angel's wing;
  A rustle like the billowy breeze
Beside some stream where wild-birds sing,
  And lilies sway in lotus ease.
His hands above us, and his peace
  Drops round like incense-breathing balm;
Ah, darling, let the daylight cease,
  We have the twilight's calm.

Creep closer, closer to my side;
  Your head I pillow on my breast,
And whisper softly, "Oh, my bride,
  Here you may always turn for rest."
Come always when the golden day
  Goes out into the lands unknown,
Your little hand in mine to lay,
  And let me kiss you as my own.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS MAY.

A field whose perfume was redolent of new-mown hay, and whose prolific cocks told of a good crop, lay open to the sun on the fair June morning. The day was yet early: the hay-makers sang at their work. Attended by her nurse, Susan Cole, came a pretty little lady of some three years old, with a round lovely childish face, and rich brown eyes that looked out frankly from their long brown lashes, curling upwards. She wore a large white sun-bonnet, after the fashion of the children of the district, and was doing her best to scatter the hay about that the hay-makers had just raked up. Doing it quite in defiance of Susan Cole; for she was a very saucy and independent young lady indeed, continually in hot water with the ruling powers.

"Miss May, don't I tell you that them big cocks are *not* to be disturbed to-day—giving double trouble! I never see such a naughty little child as you are in all my life."

Miss May's answer to this was to climb up one of the mounds and pitch-pole down on the other side, bringing all the top of the cock with her. There she sat, quite still, for a wonder. And stillness was so unusual an element in Miss May Arde, that Susan Cole stepped round to see what other mischief she might be in.

"Oh! Well, I'm sure! Oh! You ondacious little girl!—a pulling off your shoes and socks afore all them haymakers!"

For the young lady had been quietly divesting herself of these articles of social attire, that she might dance in the hay barefoot. Eluding Susan's grasp with a ringing laugh, she flew off screaming, and flung herself into the arms of little Tom Clanwaring, who happened to be running up. *Little* Tom, in point of fact, but big Tom in the young damsel's eyes: his seven years, compared to her three, seemed to constitute a whole age.

Tom clasped the truant in his arms, and kissed her: they were the best of friends. Susan, bearing the socks and little shoes of bronze, took forcible possession now; and sat down on the field with the child on her lap. But the process of re-socking and re-shoeing was a difficult job. Laughing, rebellious, kicking out arms and legs, struggling and fighting with Susan, was Miss May. Tom helped—by tossing the socks over Susan's head.

"Now, Master Tom, I'll tell *you* what it is. If you be to encourage her in her naughty tricks, I'll ask my missis not to let you come in here at all. Tain't your field. She's the tiresom'st little worrit to-day that ever was. You be old enough to tell her better, you be. I never had half the trouble with you. Miss May, if you take your socks off as fast as I put 'em on, where'll be the end on't?"

Miss May managed to get one in her fingers, and sent it up on the next hay-cock. Tom was ordered to fetch it down.

At length, by dint of dexterous sleight-of-hand, Susan got on the socks and one shoe. While she was putting on the other, the young rebel tore off that one—and tore off the strap that fastened it round the ankle. Susan saw the mishap with dismay.

"There! Now you have done it, Miss May! Your shoe won't keep on without the strap—and how the sense be I to get you home in your sock? Of all ondacious little plagues you be the worst."

The "little plague"—Susan's attention being momentarily absorbed by the damaged shoe—got away, seized two arms full of hay and flung it over Tom. The children rolled on the ground together.

"A'most as good as a new pair, they was," lamented Susan. "And the kid be all tore right out o' the back so as it can't never be mended. My missis 'll blame me; she'll say I might ha' took better care. Tiresome monkey! I must go home for another shoe for her now. Master Tom, 'll you take care o' Miss May while I run to the Hall and back?"

Tom, feeling excessively proud at the request, turned to Susan, chivalrous earnestness sparkling from his deep blue eyes.

"I'll be sure to take care of her, Susan: she shan't hurt herself or run away."

And Susan, knowing that in point of fact both the children would be safe under the protection of the haymakers, men and women, busy close by, and all familiar peasants of the district, departed on her errand.

You may be wondering who this girl of three years old is—whose second name, Mary, generally got shortened into May. She was the child of George Arde and his present wife: the only child of the Hall. That frail blossom, the first Mary, the child of George Arde and Mary Owen, the little one to whom the old Squire used to carry presents of coral beads and else, and to whom he left the fortune, was no more. The delicate little creature, who had inherited her mother's beauty and no doubt her mother's frailty of constitution, had pined away and died. The second Mrs. Arde did her best to nurse and cherish her into health; but it was not to be: God called her to Himself. Before this other child was born (destined to be the second Mrs. Arde's only one), the elder was lying by her mother's side in St. Peter's churchyard at Worcester. Mary happened to be the second Mrs. Arde's name also, so it was one of the names given to her infant. They had got into the habit (especially Mr. Arde and Susan Cole) of calling that departed little one the "first Mary." For this second Mary no fears were entertained on the score of health: she was hearty and strong. Susan was wont to say at reproachful moments that if she had only as little mischievousness in her as she had tendency to sickness, she'd do.

Susan Cole's life had undergone a blight—she had been crossed in love. At least, that's what she said of herself when wishing to be confidential. But where the blight had fallen and how it had affected her, was not so clear; certainly it had touched neither her tongue nor her cheerful temper. That false journeyman at her father's forge had married another. At the very time (as may be said) that he was whispering love vows in Susan's ear, he was courting another at Worcester: and one fine morning he went off and married her—a great ugly malkin, as Susan expressed it. Cole the farrier told Susan she was well out of it; for the man (he had previously had to discharge him) had grown so drunken and idle that he was hardly worth his salt at the trade, and would not be likely to get a living for any wife. Perhaps Susan, in her heart, thought the same. At least she wasted no superfluous time in grief. It occurred just as she and the other servants were turning out of the Dene through Lady Lydia: the nurse at the Hall was leaving, and Susan stepped into the post.

Little Tom Clanwaring had been allowed to run in and out of the Hall since its new mistress came to it as freely as he did before. Mrs. Arde liked the beautiful boy with his golden curls and his wonderful eyes of blue that gazed so straightly and fearlessly into her own: she liked his gentle manners, and his curiously strange (at that early age) consideration for others. No one had wept more bitterly for the little girl's death than Tom. It had pleased the child to have Tom very much with her: Mrs. Arde allowed it: and perhaps the scenes of sickness, the distressing grief evinced by Mr. Arde, had made an impression on Tom that he would never lose. That she had gone straight up to be an angel in Heaven, no earthly power could have reasoned him out of. For days and weeks after her death, he would fancy he saw her robed in white, with a little harp of gold in her hand, and a crown amid her hair, looking down at him from the skies. Tom—then between three and four years old—was taken to the funeral at St. Peter's by Squire Arde: and Sir Dene had him put into mourning for his cousin. Lady Lydia, supremely indignant, would have pitched the black things out at window had she dared. "Spending money to put *that* beggar's brat in mourning!" she meekingly remarked to Dovet.

A month onwards, and the other little girl came to the Hall to replace the one lost. Tom had never seen anything so wonderful as this new baby. The reverence with which he would regard the infant, when allowed to hold her for a minute in his arms (seated safely flat on the carpet,) was great and real. The baby called forth the first true love of his heart: in his own mind he acquired a kind of proprietorship in her: and he would far rather have died himself than suffered harm to come to the little one.

So that when, on this day, Susan told him to take care of her while she went home for another shoe, Tom was in the seventh region of gratification. The field belonged to Squire Arde, and was within a stone's throw of the Hall.

"May," began Tom as Susan's footsteps faded on their ears, "I've got a new picture-book that Grandma Owen bought for me. I've got it in my pocket."

May, with all her wild fun, was intensely fond of "picture-books." Down sat the children together at the foot of a hay-cock, their feet stretched out (one of Miss May's shoeless) and the book held between them.

Like all books bought by Mrs. Owen for Tom, it had a religious tendency. That is, while the story in itself was beautiful, and calculated entirely to rivet the interest of a child, it insensibly led its young reader to higher and better thoughts. Such books, when they are well and suitably written, are the very best that can be put into the hands of a child. There has been a singular dearth of them in these latter years. There they sat, the two; May's little tongue asking questions about the "pictures," and Tom explaining to the best of his ability. Which explanations might have sent a grown person into fits of laughter.

"Me wis me could read!" exclaimed May, when the pictures exhausted—the book only contained three—they had to fall back upon the reading.

"I'll read it to you, May," said Tom.

With their backs against the hay-cock, and their heads bent over the book, the little lady's cheek touching his, Tom began. The progress was not satisfactory; since at the end of every two lines, or so, Tom was called upon to say why this was, and why that was. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the book and upon them. Up went their heads, and nearly a whole hay-cock was flung in their faces. Not lightly, either; for the flinger was Jarvis Clanwaring. Absorbed in the book, and with each other, neither had seen him approach. May burst into a loud cry of pain; the hay had struck her in the eye. Down went the book, and up jumped Tom.

"What did you do that for, Jarvis? You've hurt her."

"What did I do it for, you insolent young

LITTLE MAY ARDE AND TOM CLANWARING.

rat! How dare *you* ask me what I did it for? Because I chose. There. Squalling little cat! She's not hurt."

May, who hated Jarvis at all times because she was afraid of him, began kicking out with all her little might as she sat, the tears falling from her smarting eyes.

"Make him go away, Tom! make him go away. Me tell mamma."

"You are to go away please," said Tom, standing up bravely to shelter May. "You've no right to hurt her, Jarvis."

"She's not hurt—nasty stinking little toad."

Tom, his eyes flashing fire (as his sweet-natured father's had flashed once or twice in his brief life), clenched his impotent small fist, and struck straight out and upwards at Mr. Jarvis's face, catching him between the eyes. The blow could not hurt very much; but it was a bit of a smart, and it smarted all the more because it was not expected. Jarvis, in a frantic passion, pummelled Tom's face back again, and an unequal fight ensued. May screamed as if she were going mad with terror; and one of the women and Susan Cole rushed up together. Tom's nose was streaming with blood; Jarvis was not apparently injured. But in that culminating moment, he contrived to damage himself. Turning shortly upon his heel to confront the indignant Susan, he stumbled over a rake handle, that the woman had let fall, and cut his upper lip with the rake's teeth. More blood; and May screamed worse than ever from sheer terror. Susan caught up the child and hid her face upon her protecting shoulder.

"How *dare* you get fighting, Master Tom—and when I left you to take care of Miss May!" demanded Susan, not caring to attack Jarvis in his present state of fury; for, once, when she had interfered with him, he had kicked her in a rather serious manner. "Well, I'm sure! We shall have a baby in arms, I suppose, standing up to fight next!"

"He called May names," said Tom, who could not restrain his tears between pain and excitement. "He hurt her in the eye."

"You confounded little blackguard!" cried Jarvis, trying to dodge up to Tom again with outstretched hand, "Do you suppose I shall ask your leave whether I call names or not? She is a toad. There!"

"She's not a toad, and you shan't call her one," retored Tom. "You are a coward."

Further demonstration on Jarvis's part was stopped by his swallowing a tooth. One that had been nearly ready to fall out before, and which the blow on the rake must have quite done for. Tom Clanwaring's instinct was sure and true: Jarvis *was* a coward. Not only in the matter of bullying little girls and fighting boys less than himself, but in other matters. This swallowing of the tooth sent him into a state of mortal terror; he had heard a tale at school of some boy who had swallowed a tooth and died after it. Jarvis, suddenly remembering this, turned tail and rushed off the hay-field the color of chalk.

"You come on to the Hall, Master Tom, that your nose may be seen to," said Susan. "A sweet pickle it's in! Enough to frighten the crows."

"A brave little gentleman, wi' all his pretty manners, that born son o' poor Master Geoffry's," was the comment of the woman to the other haymakers when the fray was over. "As to the big un, he's more of a tartar nor his mother."

Arde Hall was not much to look at. A rather long, red-brick building, two stories high, with narrow windows and a slated roof, its front looking towards the village. The old-fashioned portico in the middle of the house opened upon a lawn that was intersected with flower beds; on which bees and butterflies were sporting that sunny June day. Mrs. Arde—a nice-looking, but somewhat reserved and stately woman—fond of gardening, was tending her flowers in a sun bonnet and pair of old gloves, talking the while to her husband, who sat at one of the open windows. Naturally they felt some surprise at the entrance of the procession; Susan carrying May, who sobbed aloud still; Tom with a damaged face and bleeding nose. Susan opened at once upon his delinquencies—that he "up with his fist" and struck Master Clanwaring, and they had a fight.

"He called May names," said Tom, with fresh tears, but looking up fearlessly. "I couldn't help hitting him."

Squire Arde burst out laughing. "A very knight-errant," said he, "taking up the cudgels for damsels in distress!"

"But what ails May?" said Mrs. Arde, as she took the sobbing child.

"Oh, *she's* only frightened, ma'am," was Susan's slighting answer. "And enough to frighten her, to see the blood on this here face of his'n," concluded the girl as she walked Tom off to the pump.

The lavatory process over, Tom came back to kiss the little girl—then seated on the grass—and whisper that Jarvis should never frighten or hurt her again, or call her names, if *he* could help it. Then he ran off home.

Where the discomfited and frightened Jarvis had previously arrived. At this time, Mrs. Clanwaring, the wife of John the heir, was on a visit to Beechhurst Dene, with her daughter, Margaret, her eldest boy, and two little sons, younger; so that just now the Dene seemed full of children. She was a good-natured and very pretty woman—her own large fortune enabling her to indulge in show and luxuries that might not even be dreamed of by Lady Lydia. For instance she had arrived with a lady's maid and three nurses, and one male servant who was called her own footman, the party having posted from town in two carriages and four. These things were looked upon as necessaries by Mrs. Clanwaring, because she had been reared to them; but she was, herself, entirely unpretentious, of quite simple tastes and manners. The two ladies were sitting together in that attractive room, the library, when Jarvis burst in upon them like a panting ghost—if ghosts ever display cut lips, and chins dripping human gore. The boy was literally terror-stricken; his features were swollen with his insane endeavors to cough up the tooth coming along, his eyes rolled, his face was whiter than any ghost's ever seen yet. A deplorable figure altogether. Up jumped the Lady Lydia, uttering scream upon scream; she quite believed her darling boy was either mad or killed, and began to hug him. Pretty Mrs. Clanwaring, in defiance of her good manners, laughed a little.

The tale that Master Jarvis told was as good as a play: no dramatic author ever drew more on his inventive powers. Tom was represented as a very monster of iniquity, who had attacked Jarvis with a rake, "on the sly," cut off his lip and knocked all his teeth down his throat!

But that the teeth were in his head still, plainly to be seen beneath the swollen upper lip *not* cut off, Lady Lydia, in her dismay, might have sent off for the nearest stomach-pump. The whole house was aroused to commotion. Basins of hot water were ordered in succession; Lady Lydia, Dovet, and a dozen others bathing with soft sponges, and without intermission, the injured lip. Under the assurances of my lady and Mrs. Clanwaring that a solitary tooth, going down by accident, never killed people, but on the contrary was rather good for digestion, the gentleman was soothed into calmness. The disturbance had brought forth Sir Dene from his bay-parlor, where he was engaged with accounts: he stayed long enough to hear the woeful account of Tom's savage attack, and then went back again.

When Tom got home, shortly afterwards, Jarvis was lying on the sofa, his mouth tied up with a white handkerchief, and some delicious apricot jam by his side. Dovet met Tom in the hall.

"*You* have done a nice thing," cried she, nearly jerking his arm out of its socket. "You've almost killed Master Clanwaring."

Almost killed Master Clanwaring! Full of consternation, the words striking no end of remorse on his little heart, Tom opened the library door and went in timidly. He did not present any grand appearance himself, for, in running home, his nose had burst out bleeding again. The moment Jarvis saw him, he leaped off the sofa, and gave him an ugly kick. Mrs. Clanwaring ran to the rescue and pushed Jarvis off: but the vicious malice that blazed in his eyes, she did not forget for years.

"Not in my presence, Jarvey. How can you attack a little fellow who is no match for you? It is perfectly wicked to kick any one in that savage way. I am afraid you are a coward."

"Why did he attack me in the hay-field?" retorted Jarvey. "I'll kill him if I can."

But Lady Lydia pounced on Tom and whirled him off with her. What with the sight of him, and what with Mrs. Clanwaring's words, her fury at least equalled that of Jarvis. On the mahogany sideboard in the passage, leading to the side entrance and Sir Dene's parlor, lay the boys' riding whip. Seizing hold of it, she struck Tom: not perceiving, perhaps not caring, that a young man not belonging to the house, was at that moment turning out of the bay-parlor. Struck him anywhere: on his shoulders, on his unprotected face, on his bare hands. Gander, propping his back against his pantry door, stood looking on. As did the stranger, who was no other than William Owen of Harebell Farm. The cuts were sharp and quick: Tom shrieked with pain, and it brought out Sir Dene. My lady ceased then: and the baronet pushed by William Owen.

"Wait!" cried Sir Dene in a voice of thunder, as she was making off with the child. "Wait, I say!" So Lady Lydia left the boy, threw down the whip, and disappeared. Sir Dene caused Tom to stand and confront him. His poor little face had a livid weal across it.

"Now, sir, tell me the truth. Did you strike Jarvis before he struck you?"

Up went the honest eyes through their tears with fearless truth straight into Sir Dene's.

"Yes, grandpa. 'Twas me hit him first."

"Did you cut his mouth? And knock his tooth down his throat?"

"I suppose so. I didn't know."

"And what on earth tempted you to be so ferocious a child as to do all this?"

"He called May wicked names, grandpa; he hurt her in the eye and frightend her. Susan had told me to take care of her while she went for another shoe."

Sir Dene bit his lip to prevent a smile. The same thought occurred to him that had come to George Arde—and amused him—this little lad, rising seven, doing battle for a lady attacked! But he was frightfully annoyed at my Lady Lydia.

"Who hurt your nose?—and made it swell like that?"

"Jarvis did: he made it bleed. He hit me worse than I hit him."

"No doubt on't," commented Gander, from the kitchen door.

"Well, you must have been a naughty boy altogether, Tom; very naughty; and Lady Lydia has punished you for it. Try and be good for the future—if you can."

Sir Dene turned into his parlor again; William Owen, although his interview was over, followed him in and shut the door. Gander retreated into his pantry.

All sobbing and wounded as he was, Tom ran out at the side door and down the straight path, to take shelter at Harebell farm. His heart was cruelly sore as he went up the stairs—for Mrs. Owen was keeping her chamber. Not sore at thought of his weals and wounds, but at the injustice dealt out to him. Jarvis had been more of an offender than he, and was petted up with jam; *he* was taunted and whipped. Tom had been *inured* to this unjust treatment, but it did strike him with pain to-day. Mary Barber, coming out of her mistress's chamber all in a bustle, on her way to make some dumplings for dinner, was quite struck aback at the sight of Tom.

"Mercy upon us! cried she. "Why what in the name o' goodness is the matter?"

Sobbing, choking, Tom told his tale, leaning for protection—and it seemed to the child that he needed it—against Mrs. Owen. She had some warm water brought up, and bathed his poor face and hands, and spoke gently to him, and soothed his spirit: the tears falling from her own eyes as she thought it might have been better had the poor little waif died with his mother.

"But that I think I shall not be long here, and that William seems bent upon not staying in the place afterwards, I hardly know why, I would beg and pray of Sir Dene to let me have the child entirely," ran Mrs. Owen's thoughts.

As they had run, at odd time, for a long while now. Ever since the arrival of Lady Lydia, Mrs. Owen had clearly seen what the child's treatment was at the Dene, and the contempt he was held in. It was bad enough during these, his young years, when he could neither feel it very keenly nor attempt to rebel against it: what the result might be in later years, what complications and misfortunes it might bring about for the friendless child, she dreaded to think of. That Sir Dene would not be wilfully unjust to Geoffry's son, she believed; but Sir Dene was a man who loved peace and quietness, ease also; he was given to credit implicitly what he was told, never searching beneath the surface of things, and he was already nearly completely in the hands of his designing daughter-in-law.

His face in less of a smart, his grief over, save for a catching sob that took his breath at intervals (and Mary Barber gone down to bake a little cake for him,) room was made for Tom on Mrs. Owen's sofa. He sat nestling against her, her arm round him, her pale face, so sweet and delicate and telling of sorrow and suffering, bending towards his. Never did Mrs. Owen fail to improve these occasions in the manner she thought it right and best to do. In place of standing out for vengeance on Jarvis or others, as some might have counselled, she whispered of endurance, of forbearance, of persevering on in the path of patience and truth, however much he might be tried, and of the cunning of calm and holy peace. Trouble was certainly trying the child early; but she strove to show him, and to think, that it must be for the best. On some children these lessons might have been lost, might have borne no fruit; but Tom's natural disposition was so admirably adapted to receive them that they did on his. There's no doubt—however the reader may feel inclined to dispute and perhap ridicule this small portion of the tale—that these inculcated lessons had a strangely-good effect on Tom. They helped him to bear now; they tended to form his character for after years. But for them, he would have been utterly miserable, might have sunk into a broken-spirited child, and perhaps become a veritable, abandoned young Arab. Day after day did Mrs. Owen patiently labor at her work—for never a day passed but Tom was driven out of the Dene by some oppression or other, active or passive—and she would send him back with all the sweetness of his disposition renewed, ready to bear again.

"Was it wrong to hit Jarvis when he called May those wicked names, grandma?"

"Now here was a puzzle. Mrs. Owen privately rejoiced at Tom's spirit: but it was hardly consistent with the peaceful lessons she was inculcating to say so.

"Well, Tom, I—don't think in this case it was very wrong."

"I wish he'd let me alone! I wish he'd not get grandpa to believe bad things of me. Oh, grandma! you don't know how cruel it all is at home!"

A sobbing sigh, proving how sore his little heart was, followed on the words. Mrs. Owen pressed him closer in her gentle clasp, and spoke in a whisper.

"My darling, I do know it. I know how cruel it is, and how hard it is to endure. God sees it all, Tom; never lose thought of that, no not in the worst moment. You bear on fearlessly in truth and honor, my boy; always striving to return good for evil, even to Jarvis, in sweet-tempered, patient, generous forbearance; and trust all thing to God. He will be sure to take care of you, and bring you to comfort in the end."

Tom nodded with ready cheerfulness, as he had many a one many a time before. There was resolution in his little face, cast up just then to the summer sky.

"I will, grandma, I will; I'll never forget. And, grandma, papa is looking down to take care of me too, and mamma is; and they are with God's angels."

"Even so, my darling. Your best friends are in that better world where God is. I shall soon be there: and you will come to us in time. All these sufferings and trials are but making you ready for it."

And the tractable little fellow, gazing up at the blue sky, and picturing all kinds of radiant things beyond it, quite forgot present pain.

"Now then, Master Tom!" called out the sharp voice of Mary Barber from the foot of the stairs, "come down for your lard-cake. It have come out o' the oven beautiful."

CHAPTER XX.

DRIVEN FROM HAREBELL FARM.

"Can you see anybody, Sir Dene?"

"Who is it?" asked Sir Dene, turning round from his desk, that was drawn before

the window of his bay-parlor. And he spoke in rather an impatient tone, for he was busy writing letters, and did not care to be interrupted. As Gander knew.

"It's young Mr. Owen of Harebell Farm," replied Gander.

"What does he want?" questioned Sir Dene. "Is it particular?"

"Don't know, sir," returned Gander. "He came to the door, and he asked could he be let see Sir Dene: I told him I'd come and ask."

"Show him in," said Sir Dene.

This colloquy occurred just about the time that Master Jarvis had been soothed to tranquility on the sofa with some jam at his elbow, as already described, and that the unlucky Tom was on the run towards home from Arde Hall. For the day is not yet over, and we must go back an hour, or so, in it: it is not practicable for the cleverest author living to describe two series of events at once, although they may have taken place at one and the same moment of time.

William Owen appeared, shown in by Gander: and the baronet shook hands with him without rising, and motioned him to a chair. He always shook hands with his better class of tenants. As to any other recognition, or symptom of cordiality, William Owen did not get it, and did not in the least presume to wish for or expect it. Sir Dene had practically forgotten that there was any link whatever between them, save that of landlord and tenant: the past connection might have absolutely faded out of his thoughts ere this, but for the existence of Geoffry and Maria's child.

The business that William Owen had come upon surprised Sir Dene: and he stared at the young man—seated before him in the opposite chair, his hat between his knees—while he listened to it. William Owen wished to transfer the lease of Harebell Farm to another tenant, if Sir Dene would permit. Not at present: perhaps not for a long while to come: but he wished to do it at as soon as the time when he *could* do it should arrive.

"As long as my mother lives, sir, I must stay where I am, for she would not like to go out of the house; neither would I disturb her by asking it. But when she shall have left us—and she thinks herself that it mayn't be over long now—then I shall be glad to give it up, and leave the place altogether."

"What fault have you to find with the farm, Mr. Owen?" distantly queried Sir Dene.

"None, sir. It's as good land as ever I'd wish to cultivate. That's not the reason."

"What is the reason then?"

William Owen seemed at fault for a reply. Sir Dene noticed that a look of pain sat on his refined and pleasant face.

"You must have some reason, Mr. Owen, for wishing to quit a productive farm."

"True, Sir Dene; I have. But it is one that is quite private to myself. I can't speak of it, even to you, sir."

Sir Dene looked at him. The same contraction of pain was in the face; the same tone of distress lay in the voice. He greatly wondered what could be the matter. William Owen saw the puzzled surprise: and just for a moment, the thought crossed him that he would speak out fully to Sir Dene. But the impulse faded again in a feeling that lay between shame and sensitiveness. Perhaps had Sir Dene been simply his landlord as he was of other tenants, and no more, the disclosure might have been made: but that past connection caused William Owen to be always retiring and reticent. In his sensitive nature, he would not have pushed himself forward for the world, or presumed in the slightest degree.

"I have no fault to find with the farm, or the house, or the land, sir; but I must leave it, for all that. I can't stay in it. And I'd be glad to know beforehand that you will allow me to do this, so as to have my mind at rest. As long as mother is there, there I must be: but when she's gone, I shall go elsewhere."

"Do I understand that you will leave the neighborhood entirely?"

"Yes, Sir Dene. And get as many miles from it as I can."

"What has it done to you?"

William Owen stroked the nap of his white beaver hat with his gloved forefinger; for he had dressed himself as a gentleman to hold this interview with Sir Dene—and he looked like one too. He seemed to be considering what answer he could make to the question.

"It is just that—what it has done to me—that I am unable to tell, sir," he at length replied. "It is an unfortunate and painful affair altogether—and I can't talk of it."

"Suppose I do not release you from the farm?" said Sir Dene. "What then?"

"But I hope you will do it, sir. As to what then, I'm sure I don't know what I could do. Perhaps you'd let me underlet it."

"Are you going out of the farming business?"

"Not at all, Sir Dene. I like it; add to that, I don't know any other. I shall meet with a farm elsewhere; perhaps in Dorsetshire."

"You'll not get a better than this. If it's small, it's good."

"And I don't expect to, Sir Dene. If this becomes vacant, there'll be plenty of good tenants glad to snap it up. Were it known that I thought of leaving it, they'd be here to-morrow. But I'd rather there was no stir made at all about it, sir: I'd like, when the time comes, to be away before it was as much as known abroad that I was leaving. That's why I am asking you to promise to let it be ceded to Philip Tillett, when this time shall come, to let me go out and him go in. The farm could not have a better tenant, Sir Dene, than he."

Sir Dene knew that much. A better tenant than William Owen himself: in so much as that he was a man of larger capital. Philip Tillett was a thoroughly good farmer.

"It seems to me that he will have to wait an indefinite time," remarked Sir Dene. "Mrs. Owen may get better."

"He is quite content to wait, sir, whether it's for weeks or whether it's for years. The farm he is in belongs to his uncle, and he can go out of it at any time. He likes the present one very well; but he'd like Harebell Farm better."

"Does he know why you are leaving?"

"Yes, sir, I told him. No one else knows, not even mother."

There ensued a short silence. Sir Dene was thinking this a curious kind of application. As in truth it was. William Owen, who held a long lease of Harebell Farm, was asking to be allowed to cede it provisionally to Mr. Philip Tillett. Provisionally on the death of his invalid mother. When she should die—and he acknowledged that it might be weeks or months, or it might be years first, for that's what the doctors said—then he wished to walk out of it, leaving Mr. Tillett to walk in.

"Would Tillett take to the stock?" abruptly questioned Sir Dene, when he had arrived at this point in his mental summary of events.

"To all things as they stand, sir; household furniture included," replied William Owen. "He knows about what the value of everything is as well as I do, and he is a just man. We shouldn't quarrel over that."

There was something in the young man's refined features, in his gentle manners, that put Sir Dene in mind of poor Maria, as he had seen her that New Year's Eve when he broke in without ceremony on the Malvern lodgings. Had he wished to refuse this thing, he could not, with that remembrance upon him.

"Well," he said, rising in intimation that the sitting was over, "I will give my consent to this, Mr. Owen. You have my word. Though I wish you had freely told me your motive for leaving. Stay! Have you got into any trouble? Is it that?"

"None whatever, I assure you, Sir Dene," was William Owen's reply, his sensitive face slightly flushing. "Circumstances over which I have no control, and could not have any, are driving me away. I wish it had been otherwise."

"Then, until there shall be the last change in your mother, things go on as they are, and you remain my tenant?"

"If you please, sir. I thank you truly for your kindness to me, Sir Dene."

Sir Dene shook hands, and William Owen let himself out at the room door. He was just in time, as the reader has heard, to see Lady Lydia horsewhip Tom. Hearing the cries, Sir Dene walked out also. And when the affair was over, and he went back to the room, he found that the young man followed him. Sir Dene was surprised; and William Owen shut the door.

"I crave your pardon, Sir Dene, for presuming to interfere—but I would like to ask another favor. Let the poor little boy come home to *us*. I'll bring him up and do for him as if he were my own."

Sir Dene's face flushed angrily. The request seemed to reflect on the hospitality of Beechhurst Dene.

"Come home to you!" he exclaimed. "The boy's home is here, Mr. Owen."

"Yes, sir, I know. I know that Beechhurst Dene is a very different home from any I could hope to give him. But at least he'd have kind treatment with us, Sir Dene."

"What is it you would imply?" asked Sir Dene haughtily.

"I don't presume to imply anything, sir; but what I know, I know. Hardly a day passes, but the child is insulted and put upon, very often beaten. Not by you, sir; not, I feel sure, within your knowledge; but by those about you. The best is being done to break his heart and his spirit."

In the gentlest and most respectful tone possible William Owen was saying this. Somehow Sir Dene felt mollified. The child was Geoffry's child, and he did not like to hear of his heart or his spirit being on the road to breakage.

"He has been very naughty at times of late, very; and when he is so he must be corrected. The boy seems quite changed. Spare the rod, and spoil the child, you know."

"Sir Dene, I believe the child to be one of the very best children that ever lived; he is good and truthful as the day—"

"They say he has taken to tell stories," interrupted Sir Dene. "I can't credit it, though."

"No, Sir Dene, believe me, he never does tell stories. What I fear is, that others tell them and lay it upon him—though of course it is not my place to say as much. He is regarded as an unwelcome interloper here, and treated accordingly. There's not a servant in your house, Sir Dene, but could bear testimony to this if you questioned them—though they might not like to confess it. He is a truthful, honorable, upright little lad; I don't think he could tell a lie if bribed to it. Witness just now how he spoke up Yes, when asked if he was the first to hit Master Clanwaring. The boy has no chance here. I wish you would let me have him, sir."

"It is out of the question," sharply replied Sir Dene, feeling vexed and annoyed at more things than one. And William Owen took the answer and departed by the back entrance.

It has been said that close upon this door the trees and shrubs grew thick, almost like a wilderness. Branching off from hence on the right a path called the privet walk (a high privet hedge running along on either side it) led round to the front; while the straight path that led direct to Harebell Lane, bore somewhat to the left. William Owen was taking this latter way, when he saw Squire Arde coming along the shady privet walk. Mr. Arde made a sign, and William turned to meet him.

"Is Mrs. Owen worse?" was the question put. "I saw Prior hastening up your way just now."

"My mother? No; not worse than usual," was the answer. "He was not coming to our house, that I am aware of."

"Oh well, I'm glad of that. I am afraid though, that on the whole she is very ill."

"Yes, sir, there's no doubt of that."

Never presuming, never self-asserting, William Owen generally called Squire Arde "sir." They were, or had been, brothers-in-law; but he did not attempt to ignore the social distance between them. George Arde in the old days had been above his sister: he was a great man now in local estimation, on a level with Sir Dene Clanwaring and such as he. Neither did Mr. Arde forget their distance: something in his manner betrayed that: nevertheless they liked each other very well, and were on intimate, not to say confidential, terms whenever they met. Standing there together in the narrow privet walk, the young man told Mr. Arde what his errand had been at Sir Dene's—the remarks on his mother's state of health perhaps inducing it.

"Tillett to take to the farm as it stands as soon as anything happens to her, and you to go out of it and quit the place altogether!" repeated the Squire in amazement. "Well now, why is this, William Owen?"

And William Owen told him—told him what he had not chosen to disclose to Sir Dene. And however the reader may feel inclined to cast ridicule on the cause, he may not disbelieve the fact: for no other reason did William Owen quit Harebell Farm. Speaking in a whisper, his pale face wearing again its marks of pain, he breathed it into Mr. Arde's ear. The troubled spirit of his father, haunting the precincts of the farm, was driving him away from it.

"He has been dead now seven years and some months, Squire Arde; and people talked of its walking for more than three of those years before I ever saw it, or believed it. Altogether I've seen it three times: the last was on Sunday night. News was brought to the farm that a poor houseless woman had crept into that shed on the two-acre meadow to die. I went off to see about it: and there, hovering in and around the grove, was the spirit, in the same place where I had seen it twice before. I saw it clearly: 'twas a very light night."

Squire Arde remembered what a bright moon had shone on Sunday night. He was not a superstitious man; but nothing could be further from his thoughts than to meet this communication with contempt: others, worthy of credibility, had said just the same as William Owen.

"I can't make it out, William," he said. "Are you *sure* that your eyesight was not deceived by some tree or other?"

The young man shook his head. "What I saw was undoubtedly the very figure and image of my father, looking as he used to look in life. He seemed to have a coat buttoned-up round him—about that I can't be sure: it was indistinct—but he wore that same queer magpie cap he was drowned in; and his silver beard was never plainer. I was thinking of nothing but the woman in the shed, and what could be done with her at that time o' night; and there, as I went along toward the grove, the figure stood facing me, right in the moonbeams."

"It is strangely singular!" exclaimed the Squire. "The queerest thing I've met with in all my experience."

"Stay on the place, I cannot," said William Owen. "It unnerves me for everything—though I should feel ashamed to acknowledge it to most people. The very moment my poor mother sets me at liberty by leaving me alone in the world, I shall get away. But for her sake, I'd go to-morrow."

He had turned to walk towards Harebell Lane, Mr. Arde strolling by his side. William Owen changed the subject to that of the child: mentioning the cruel chastisement he had witnessed, and what he had subsequently said to Sir Dene.

"When I shall be gone from the place, perhaps you'll give the poor lad a kind word now and then, sir. He'll have nobody else to do it. I'd have liked to take him home to Harebell Farm: Sir Dene was mortally offended at me for asking it."

"Lady Lydia and her children put upon him and thrust him into the background," remarked Mr. Arde. "She has got a nasty temper of her own."

They parted. William Owen pursuing his way home, where he found Mary Barber making a miniature lard-cake for Tom: Mr. Arde entering the bay-parlor at Beechhurst Dene. Sir Dene Clanwaring was in one of his testy humors, and said a few fractious words about "Things going cross in the house."

"Young Owen has been taking upon himself to tell me that the child—my boy Geoffry's son—is not well treated here!" he cried in an explosive tone. "Fancy his assurance, Arde!"

"Then I'll take up the word for him, Sir Dene, at the risk of your attributing assurance to me," spoke up Mr. Arde, half laughing. "In this instance, at any rate, the child did not deserve chastisement—though I fancy somebody else may. If that ill-natured young Jarvey came home with a false tale—as I conclude he did—it is he who ought to have got the whipping."

"What do you know about it, Arde?"

Mr. Arde related the truth of the day's fray—as he had heard it but now from his haymakers, in coming through the field: and, as he remarked, they were unbiassed witnesses. He spoke out far more freely than William Owen had ventured to do, telling a few home truths about Tom and Jarvey, and the Dene in general, including the baronet himself. Sir Dene's blue eyes opened (in more senses than one) and his lips took a haughty curve as he listened.

"A false, ill-conditioned young rascal!" spoke he of Jarvey. "It's the first time I ever knew a Clanwaring could concoct a deliberate lie."

"His mother is not a Clanwaring," observed Squire Arde, dryly. And the baronet gave a kind of assenting sniff.

"No, *he* has nothing of the Clanwaring about him at present," pursued the Squire. "Little Tom's one to the backbone: he is his father over again. They look upon the poor child as being in the way here, you see: don't let them quite break his spirit. There, that's all, Sir Dene. Good-morning."

Break his spirit! The same words that William Owen had used. Had Jarvey been there at the moment, Sir Dene might have three parts killed him. With the red flush dyeing his face, he strode forth to the presence of Lady Lydia. She was in the drawing-room.

Sir Dene controlled his temper, and spoke quietly. Quietly, but very peremptorily. He touched slightly upon the treatment of Tom by her and her children generally—the scandal he found it excited in the neighborhood, the discomfort it brought to the Dene. And he said that for the future she had better take lodgings at Worcester during holiday time, and have her children there with her.

Lady Lydia's blood turned cold: was it *possible* that her footing at the Dene was being imperilled? In her mind's confusion, in her angry passion, she did the worst thing she could have done—began to cast slurs on Tom and his birth.

Were *her* darling children to be discarded for that low-born brat, whose mother—

"Why what the devil do you mean, madam?" interrupted Sir Dene, too much put out altogether to weigh his words. "Low-born! You are speaking of my own grandson, Tom Clanwaring."

"He is not fit company *for* my boys, Sir Dene."

"If what I am told be true, they are not fit company *for* him—one of them at any rate," retorted Sir Dene. "You can take them out of it as soon as you please, my lady."

Her very lips turned white. Before this, she had believed she had acquired firm hold on Sir Dene. He looked like one not to be trifled with just now. An angry man, there, pacing the carpet.

"You—would—turn my children out for *him*?" she resumed, in a subdued, gasping tone, partly put on, partly the result of the low-lying fear. "Oh, Sir Dene!"

"My lady, it is this. The home is my grandson Tom's; it was his home before any of you came to it; it shall be his home as long as it remains mine. I was willing to let it be your children's also: but it seems the plan does not answer. It is my pleasure that Tom Clanwaring shall be honored in this house, ay, and be loved too, at least as much as anybody else is. Your children will not do this; they have taken up a prejudice against him: therefore there is only one alternative—they must spend their summer and winter holidays elsewhere."

No mistake now. He was in real earnest. My lady, smoothing her black hair from her pale face all damp with emotion, changed her tactics on the instant. She would inquire into it, she meekly said: if Jarvis had been knowingly unkind to the child or told fibs of him, he should be punished. For her own part, she had always thought Tom a sweet little angel. Children would fight, though; boys would be boys. But the little child should be her best and special charge for the future, now that she understood Sir Dene's wishes.

My lady gathered her three children in her room that same evening to a private interview, and treated them to sundry tutorings. Duvet also received some hints. The result was, that Tom found a change: there was no more open ill-treatment, no further complaints of him carried to Sir Dene. And nothing else was said about the exodus.

But my lady's resolution—*to put Tom down*—had not changed: she only altered her tactics. As the time passed on, this little episode was forgotten by Sir Dene. Easy and good-natured to a fault, was he; Lady Lydia's sway over him when he was at Beechhurst Dene increased, during his frequent absences she reigned absolutely. And Tom Clanwaring was taught and trained to look upon himself as a poor dependent, kept at the place out of charity; an interloper, but not a son. And Tom insensibly fell into these views of himself in all belief, and learnt humility. More specious than deceit itself was the Lady Lydia Clanwaring.

END OF THE FIRST PART.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XII.

SOUL DAWNINGS.

Perhaps in September, Broadmead was seen to the greatest advantage. The richly wooded slopes and pasture lands were glowing with the warm, varied tints the calm Indian summer time brought forth, that ever and anon scattered a shining pattern upon the turf, revived to spring-like verdure through the heavy night dews.

Diana, as she wandered along, wished that John Carteret were with her to enjoy the beauty of the scene. It made her feel calmer, happier; it even seemed to strengthen her: the sense of freedom in the earth around—the wide, free heavens above—the few tiny flecks of white, that scarce deserved the name of clouds, but were rather white-winged birds floating upon an upper sea of waveless blue.

She had been listening all the morning to Mrs. Seaton's insinuendoes against John Carteret; and, though she knew they were all untrue, yet she somehow felt that he was lowered by the constant aspersions cast upon him.

Jasper had certainly contradicted his mother, and taken John Carteret's part; and Diana felt grateful accordingly; but, contrary to all precedents, Jasper's companionship, instead of winning Mrs. Seaton over, only appeared to increase her animosity.

In vain Diana thought of the proverb—"It is only at trees laden with fruit that people throw stones."

That might be all true enough; nevertheless, the stones knocked down the fruit—or, at any rate, bruised it.

But now that she was out in the open air, away from the Manor House atmosphere—out in the haunts where she and John Carteret had walked and talked so many times together—all that had fretted her spirit died away, and she could almost fancy that, though far away, his presence was still with her. She realized that she and John Carteret were bound to each other, and separated from the rest of the world; that some mysterious link was formed that never could be sundered—never in this world! Never! Why not never hereafter?

The long hereafter, the new Paradise—fairer than the lost one; fairer than man in his loftiest imaginings can conceive—was it to be soul loneliness, soul solitude? Should each spirit be an isolation?

In the first Paradise, God had seen that man could not be alone—that a communion of soul was essential to happiness. Who knows, if sin had not entered into man's heart, and the consequent curses entailed, whether the establishment of a race in His own image would not have been that perfect manhood to which, in the future kingdom, we look forward? It is all theory—all speculation; but it has been the fond theory of many a great and pure soul, that in the world to come there shall be soul unions, whose ineffable beauty and perfection we can only dimly and indistinctly shadow here.

Forever, and ever, and ever! Surely all that moves man strongly in this world cannot be altogether lost in eternity—nay, is rather a striving towards, a moulding for, that eternity.

Diana hurried along. She did not want to meet with any one. She did not want to speak to any one. She did not want to be pitied—to be wondered about; to be blamed—or hear John Carteret blamed.

For the Broadmead people—regarding her as a child that required teaching and advice—had not been slow to imply their opinions, though in such a form that she could scarcely reply to them.

"I am engaged," she had said at last, in a burst of provocation, to Miss Pyecroft.

"If such is the case, and it is for your welfare and happiness, I am glad to hear it," answered Miss Pyecroft, inwardly incredulous. "But, my dear, do not make the announcement to any one else, as Mr. Carteret has left without informing his friends of it."

The speech and advice might have been in accordance with Miss Pyecroft's bringing up, and her peculiar ideas of propriety—from which there was never tenderness of departure, or shadow of turning. But Diana's excited feelings made no allowances.

"Perhaps," she replied, "he did not consider he had any friends in Broadmead; or, at any rate, none worth telling."

"My dear," returned Miss Pyecroft, "you are young and inexperienced—also somewhat excited. We will not pursue the subject."

Since which time Diana had avoided coming in contact with people—more especially with Miss Pyecroft. And, therefore, to-day she was skirting along through by-paths on her way to Signor Neri's. For she knew that if she met and spoke to any one, it would spoil her voice for singing.

She had thus far succeeded in her object, when she perceived Miss Letty and Miss Sophia crossing the meadow that led to the village. Diana did not dislike Miss Letty and Miss Sophia—they were good-natured and inoffensive, but they were, at the same time, inquisitive and fond of talking. Therefore no sooner did she see them, than she sprang across the brook, at the risk of not clearing it. However, she managed to reach the opposite bank in safety; and feeling that, to all intents and purposes, an ocean lay between her and the enemy, she nodded to the sisters; and as she passed them distinctly heard Miss Sophia say—

"How extremely singular!"

Then the oddity of her proceeding struck Diana herself, and she laughed aloud—a hearty laugh, that did her good; and hurrying on, she recrossed the brook at the farther end of the field, struck into the church path, and reaching the main street, peered cautiously along to see if any one were in sight. No person being visible she proceeded on her way, and arrived unmolested at Signor Neri's.

She found him, as usual, among his beloved music.

"Ah! *maestro*, would you not like to be back in your own country?" said Diana.

"*Italia mia!*" ejaculated Signor Neri. "I love my country, madamigella—but it is better as it is. I should go, and not find. Here would be a house desolate—there another. Many graves would lie around. I should meet only my dead. Here, to me they are as yet alive. What sayest thou, Orsola?"

"It is better," said the Signora. "Here see we not the change. Here is memory all peaceful; and when the evening dusk spreads round, can Guiseppe and myself wander, as in the days that have passed away. We can see once more the old home, and the old faces smile at us. We can walk in the garden, with *terazzo* above *terazzo*. The scent of the orange flower comes up, and the breath of the citron grove steals by, and it is all sunny—and we are in our own land."

Diana drew nearer to the Signora, and took her hand.

"Does it not make you sad to think of it?"

"No, *carissima*—it is our joy, our pleasure."

"How can the memory of what is lost, give happiness?" asked Diana, partly of herself, partly of the Signora.

"It is not lost, *carissima*—the good, the beautiful is not lost. Twined is it in the heart, to live forever."

Diana considered for a moment.

"How long do you mean by 'forever,' Signora?" and she looked earnestly into the Signora's face.

"There is no end to 'forever,'" answered Signora Neri, a little surprised at Diana's eagerness.

"And God will not take this happiness away—will not let it become sorrow?" went on Diana, still communing with her own thoughts.

"I pray not, *carissima*; so beg I of the Madonna—who knows the sorrowful heart—to pray for me. She who had her memory time of anguish, and can feel what those who lose their friends must suffer. And I say many times my 'Ave Maria' for my lost ones also; for you know, *carissima*, that *we* pray for the dead."

"Yes," said Diana, abstractedly.

"So shall we refind our parted ones, and be with them forever."

Diana started. Fresh rays of light were breaking round her. She had sat in darkness and ignorance; but the crimson dawn was growing clearer, brighter within—the soul that was struggling and beating, to find its wings, whose question John Carteret had never fully answered—was beginning to commune with itself, to find its answers for itself.

"I want to know so much—so much," she said, involuntarily.

Then she turned to Signor Neri, who had become absorbed again in his extracts from the "Micrologus."

"*Maestro*," she said, "I shall not sing to-day—I think my voice is going."

"Ah!" said Signor Neri, startled from his music dreams. "That must not be. So lovely a voice must be cherished—one that so faithfully to me translates the intricacies of Cherubino, and the grand modulations of Domenico Scarlatti; and makes me love my Pergolesi more and more."

"You will make me vain, *maestro*," said Diana, smiling.

"No, madamigella," said the old man, shaking his head, "that is not with you. The vanity is far off."

"What then?" she asked.

"That is not for me to say," replied the Signor, with a courtly bow. "I have not said yet that my pupil is perfect. We have all our faults, madamigella."

CHAPTER XIII.

ORDAINED TO THE CURACY OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

John Carteret was offered a curacy in another diocese—one that seemed to promise well, and to which a more liberal stipend than ordinary was attached.

It was at Listhorp-on-the-Sea, a watering place at which Lady Pechford had been residing for some time, and where she had become acquainted with the incumbent of the fashionable church of the place. Mr. Wardlaw, the incumbent, was in want of a curate; and Lady Pechford, who did not very often think of any one beyond herself, was moved to remember her godson, John Carteret.

Mr. Carteret is just the person for you, my dear Mr. Wardlaw—distinguished looking, and in all respects the very curate we want at St. Botolph's. He will be another ornament added. An exceedingly handsome young man, reminding me of a St. John—yes, I think it must be a St. John," said Lady Pechford, pausing to consider: "a rapt expression, spiritual, soaring; only St. John had probably dark hair and dark eyes, whereas John Carteret is fair. Do, pray, Mr. Wardlaw, write to him at once—or shall I? It will not, I assure you, be the least trouble."

And Lady Pechford wrote a long letter to Mrs. Carteret, setting forth the advantages to be derived from her son's accepting the curacy.

"Do, my dear Charlotte, urge upon him the positive necessity of at once closing with Mr. Wardlaw's offer. Scarcely any work to do—indeed, I believe that is one of the Gothic reasons Mr. Smithson gives for leaving—and a very pleasant set of people

to visit; and constant opportunities of forming a good connection—for Linthorp has become quite a favorite resort; and a curate, as you well know, may marry almost any one he pleases. To begin with, there is Mr. Wardlaw's only daughter, with a good property in prospect when her father dies; and, as he married late in life, the chances of his departure are proportionally favorable. Miss Wardlaw is a handsome girl—rides well, dances well, sings well, and talks well. So that, you see, my dear, that even could he do no better, Miss Wardlaw is by no means to be despised. But I shall look after John myself; and you may depend upon my not furthering anything that is not to his advantage."

Mrs. Carteret read the whole of the letter to herself; but, like a sensible woman, only read part of it to her son. And in answering Lady Peckford, she told her that she had reason to believe that John's affections were already engaged; but that difficulties in the way prevented a recognized engagement. She did not thoroughly comprehend the state of affairs, as John did not care to say much upon the subject.

Lady Peckford's countenance fell as she read this paragraph.

"Stupid!" she exclaimed. "Young men are so rash and inconsiderate." Then she brightened up again. "After all," she said, "it may come to nothing; these unrecognized engagements are not often fulfilled. It seems vague and shadowy—some Coryndon and Phillis affair, most likely—a milkmaid beauty, whose face is her fortune. I know the sort of girl exactly. He will forget her in three months, if not sooner. At any rate, it must be kept quiet, for an engaged curate is as bad as a married one—of no use whatever in society, and of no influence in a congregation. Of course, I shall not let John know that his mother has said anything about it. Charlotte might know me well enough to have spared herself the trouble of cautioning me. It is ridiculous to think of his throwing himself away on a portionless girl—for this half mythical personage must be without fortune, or there would be no obstacle. Money is the cause of nine-tenths of the difficulties in the world. Ah, well! I ought to be truly thankful that Sir John left me with a handsome jointure!"

Thus ended Lady Peckford's musings. Her negotiations prospered. John Carteret was willing enough to take the curacy; willing to make a start in life; willing to be at work; willing, more than willing, to set his face forward on the journey that touched two lives instead of one. Perhaps his first step in the long pathway was a brighter one, and had more of hope in it, than Diana's, for there was no one to whisper to him doubts concerning her faith. And though he looked seriously at the future, and his heart was full of anxious hopes and fears, nevertheless it was probably lighter than hers.

And so it came to pass that John Carteret was installed as curate of St. Botolph's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A San Francisco editor thus addresses an Oakland brother: "You wallapus, you ichthyodorulite, you bogus hammo chrysos, you, you—Oaklander."

☞ The writer of the social chat in the New York Mail, an authority on society matters, says the latest style at large weddings is not to display the presents.

☞ The following names are appropriate:—

For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a soldier's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Betty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoemaker's wife—Peggy.
For a teamster's wife—Carrie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann-Eliza.

☞ A New York lady who gave a party recently, had engraved in the corner of the invitations the words "small and early."

☞ The fashionable ornament for the centre of dinner tables is a large block of ice lying on a broad silver receiver, surrounded with flowers and green vines.

☞ Young ladies are always advised to untie and examine any bouquet or basket of flowers which they may receive. A lady was about throwing away some flowers recently, and discovered a note containing a diamond ring and an offer of marriage from a very bashful lover.

☞ The very latest idea in the fashionable world is the "Moonlight German"—full dress, no lights, windows wide open, silvery moonlight streaming in in floods, delicious waltzes enchanting the air, and flirting perfectly unembarrassed.

☞ A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance, and often cuts them, too.

☞ "Here you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

☞ That Arkansas colored clergyman pronounces the story of his having been struck dead by lightning, and again struck while in his coffin, very grave but flashy reading.

☞ A girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

☞ Apropos of wicked men, why was Moses the wickedest man that ever lived? Because he broke all the Ten Commandments at once.

☞ The Bride's Veil originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man over the bridegroom and the bride to conceal her virgin blushes; but if the bride was a widow, the veil was dispensed with.

☞ A gentleman asked a lady, known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when abroad to make yourself understood?" "Oh, my dear sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an *interrupter* with us." The same lady, having arranged some statues in an adjoining room, requested the same gentleman to step into the next "impartment and see her *antics*."

☞ In the London dog-show this year is exhibited a mastiff, reputed to be the purest and oldest of ascertained pedigree in England. It is descended from ancestors said to have been in the possession of Sir Percy Leigh—from whom the ancient family, still seated in Cheshire, Leigh of Lyme, is descended—who in 1415 was saved, when lying apparently dead on the field of battle at Agincourt, by his mastiff bitch; $5,000 was the price put upon this beast of noble lineage.

How It Was Done.

An amusing anecdote comes from Russia illustrative of the diverse feelings of the Emperor Alexander and the hereditary Grand Duke toward their German relatives. The former attaches great value to the friendship of his imperial uncle in Berlin, while the latter, being connected by marriage with Denmark, naturally sympathizes with that country. For some time past the Grand Duke has strictly forbidden the use of the German language in his saloons under the penalty of a fine of twenty-five rubles. At a recent soiree in the Grand Ducal Palace the Emperor entered unexpectedly, greeted the guests with a "*Guten-abend*" (Good evening), and continued the conversation for a couple of hours in German, the answers being, of course, in the same language. At last he rose, wished the company "*Gute-nacht*," and was apparently going to leave the room. Before, however, he had reached the door, he turned round suddenly, and said—

"By-the-by, gentlemen, it has just occurred to me that it is forbidden to speak German here; I must, therefore, pay a fine of twenty-five rubles." Then, turning to one of the higher officers present, he paid the twenty-five rubles, and continued: "I pay this fine to you, and at the same time give you the commission to see that all the gentlemen present pay the same sum, for they have all spoken German."

The amount is to be forwarded immediately to the Prussian general staff for the benefit of the German wounded.

Dream-Thought.

It is a well-known fact—at least, among those who have experienced it—that ideas often come into a man's mind during sleep which he would have been utterly unable to embrace when up and awake. Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusion of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which in his waking moments sorely puzzled him. Sir John Herschel—so lately deceased—is said to have composed the following lines during a dream:—

"Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock Him
with feeble denial;
Sure of His love, and, oh! sure of His
mercy at last.
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet
drain thou the cup of thy trial,
And in its healing effect, smile at the bitterness of the past."

Coleridge, too, composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" during a dream; and Goethe even testifies in himself to this curious faculty of dream-thought.

Mixing with Strangers.

The effect of mixing with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same thing, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time to mix with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been well trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pit falls into which those who go blindly often fall.

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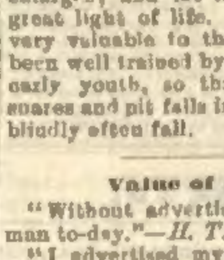

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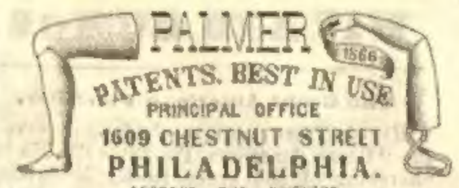

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Great American Pie-Biter.

Has the fame ever reached your ears of the "Great American Pie-Biter?" He is a character of the great Rocky Mountains. What follows is from a gentleman who has lately returned from gold-digging ventures in Montana Territory.

The "Great American Pie-Biter," modestly neglecting, like other mighty champions, to herald his approach, lately put in his appearance at one of the saloons of Helena, and gave out that he could bite through more pies than any other one man in the world. The boys became immediately interested, of course, in a man of such gifts and parts, and pies without limit were ordered at once for the feats about to be exhibited. The test was first submitted with eleven pies piled strata-wise on the top of each other. Any ordinary mortal, however partial to pies, would have stood appalled at the altitudinous mass. Not so the "Great American Pie-Biter." He parted his shaggy beard, opened a mouth so vast and wide that it might have served for a mountain cavern, inserted the pile of eleven pies, and bit clean through them, not only with ease, but apparently with relish and satisfaction. The "flannel-backs" lost their bets, and the Pie-Biter took in a moderately rich harvest, considering his stock in trade; and being thereby encouraged, proposed to bite through *fourteen* pies. Judging from what they had seen, the boys couldn't tell really what the fellow was capable of doing, and they were not disposed to accept his wager. Finally, one of the party, determined that Montana should not be beat out in that kind of style by some vagabond from the States, slyly inserted a tin plate in the middle of the fourteen pies, and boldly announced to the Pie-Biter that *he* would take him up. Anticipating another triumph, the Great American eagerly grasped the lofty pie cylinder; again opened his ponderous jaws; again succeeded in wedging in the whole mass; but, alas! when his teeth reached the tin he could go no farther. Not knowing what the matter was, and half choked to death with what he had already in his mouth, he could only let go and give up, and acknowledge himself beaten for once. Next morning he was nowhere to be found about Helena; and his further exploits and wanderings will have to be narrated by some other pen than ours.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Rival of Greeley.

Mr. C. W. Fay, of the Trenton Sentinel, is after Greeley's agricultural laurels. Here is a sample of what he knows about it: The proper time to pull hemp is any Friday that a good judge may select. Castor oil beans succeed best in the bowels of the earth. They will soon work their way out. The best preparation for hops is a toad or two in each hill. They will make the vines fairly jump.

The usual time to put in rye is early in the morning. Some husbandmen, especially those in the city, continue to run it in at intervals of half an hour until bedtime. The practice is only allowable in case of a dry season. In reaping wheat never take it by the beard. It is found to go against the grain. Buckwheat is not healthy food. It is apt to cake upon the stomach.

Corn in the ear is apt to affect the hearing. If eaten green it will make the voice husky. When dealt out as army rations the kernal should always be served first and then the men privately. Never plant your potatoes early.

It is the early potatoes that gets the worm. It is up-hill work with them after that. To be certain of the right kind of squashes, compare them with your head. In adopting this rule I first mistook pumpkins for squashes, but by continued, careful comparison, I soon learned to detect the difference. But for some new beginners it requires great caution.

In making cider out of apples I found it a pretty tight squeeze, notwithstanding my long connection with the press. Never drink cider made from crab apples. It is pretty certain to "go back on you." If you would lay in a supply of old wine be sure to make it of elder berries.

Washington Pastry.

A sojourner in Washington sends the following:

I am particularly fond of lemon pie and ice cream for dessert. At —— Hotel I went along peaceably for a couple of weeks, but always eating my lemon pie under a silent protest, for I was a stranger, and did not like to make objections. Finally I called a waiter and said:

"John, I have nothing to say about the ice cream, but what kind of pie is this?"

"What kind of pie did you order, sah?"

"I ordered lemon pie, but this appears to me to be dried apple."

"Dat's lemon pie, sah. You know dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in de lemon pies here, sah, to dat extent dat it requires a man of 'bility for to distinguish 'em apart, sah. Lemons is scase, you know, and dey has to 'conomize 'em so as to make one lemon do for sixteen pies, sah.—*Galaxy.*

Hard on Beecher.

On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on the injustice of obliging men to work on Sunday. The next day, while riding down to Fulton Ferry, he entered into conversation with a car-driver, and asked him if he did not think some plan might be adopted to dispense with the need of running the cars all day Sunday. The driver, in ignorance of the name of his interrogating friend, made a frank reply: "Yes, sir, I think there might. But there's no hope of it so long as they keep that Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn. The cars have to run to accommodate that."

A Last Look.

There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding-day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation to you forever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck, as the gigantic ship bends over the breeze; the wind is playing through the locks your hand so oftentimes have smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes; for, mark, he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND.

PARTY (*with pipe*):—"Your dawg is wery thin, William."
WILLIAM—"He is wery bad—but when he dies, I am going to stuff him, Harry."
HARRY (*insinuatingly*):—"Hadn't you better stuff him afore he dies?"

A WRONGED ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY E. L.

She was very lovely, this friend of whom I am going to write. And as I read her name on the coffin lid which was to hide her forever from our sight, it seemed hard to realize that we should never see her more.

One year before she had been in perfect health. Would you like to hear the story? I will tell you.

Once, not very long ago, I received a letter from my friend, whom I shall call Maggie, telling me that she expected to be married soon; and would I not come and help her prepare for this, the greatest event of her life? So in due time I arrived; got my allowance of hugs and kisses, was presented to Harry Ebert, Maggie's intended, and then dragged off to her room to smooth my hair and have a good easy chat before tea.

We passed the first evening of my visit in the parlor. Even now as I shut my eyes the scene comes vividly before me. The pleasant room, Maggie at the piano, with Harry bending over her. Myself seated in an easy chair looking dreamily in the fire.

Suddenly Maggie struck the notes of that beautiful song—When Other Lips and Other Heart, &c. She had a glorious voice! and as the sad words of the song came from her lips they touched me sorrowfully.

The winter's festivities were to end with a party at the house of one of the neighbors. It was to be a grand affair, and it was rumored that one of the belles of a neighboring city would be there. Miss Adams was beautiful, wonderfully beautiful. On that evening her dress was a robe of crimson, over dress of black lace. Flowers in her hair and on her bosom. And as she stood before me with her splendid eyes glowing into mine, I thought her a perfect queen in form and feature.

It did not take me long to find out that Harry had known her before. Though they met, as strangers meet, I could see through their assumed indifference and knew that they had met before, and had been more than friends to each other. All at once, as I watched, I saw him go to her and bend down with the request that she would dance, and then my attention being taken away I lost sight of them for awhile.

Later in the evening Maggie's mother came to me and said—

"Bell, it is rather warm here, but it is very pleasant in the next room; suppose we go there."

I said, "Certainly," and linking my arm in Mrs. Howard's, we together walked towards the door of the cooler room. Before we had gone far, however, Mrs. Howard was called away, and alone I proceeded to the room which I thought empty at that time. It was with surprise that I heard, as I drew near, the murmur of voices, and involuntarily I paused to listen. The speakers were Harry and Miss Adams.

"Too late," I heard him say. "If you had spoken sooner! Now I am bound to another, and it is too late, too late!"

"Oh, Harry, do not cast me off thus. You do not love this girl you would make your wife. No, you don't love her, thank God: in all this wide earth you love me alone. Think what a deadly sin you commit if you stand at God's altar with her, loving me as you do. Harry, think all the care of your life cannot repay her for the loss of the love you cannot give."

"My God!" he said, and stooping over, he raised the drooping form, until the proud head lay on his breast, while kiss after kiss was pressed on the sobbing lips so near his own. As she raised her head, he said: "Who will tell Maggie?"

"Not any one," said the wronged one's voice at the door. Advancing, she continued, as she handed him the ring he had given her: "Do not think I will ever grieve for you, Harry Ebert. In this, the bitterest moment of my life, I am able to realize that it is better you should go. I did love you better than I did my life—almost better than my soul. But where much is given, much is required. You could never satisfy me, and it is much better that we should part than that I should be your unloved wife."

How calm her tone as she spoke to him thus! Who would think that beneath that icy exterior there was passion that would never die until her heart was stilled forever! She had made an idol, and almost in her madness had worshipped it, and now that her idol had fallen, now that in giving it up she had to part with hopes dearer to her than life, it were better that her heavenly Father in His infinite goodness should take her home.

It was in the summer time that she left us—the air was gay with the songs of birds, sweet with the odor of fragrant flowers. She looked very peaceful as she lay in her last long sleep; with white hands folded meekly on the still breast that would never throb more with the trials of life. Friends came to look on the calm white face—and they laid flowers on the form of the early called. There were words of sympathy spoken for the bereaved parents; but I know that her heavenly Father had mercifully taken her away to be hid forever from mortal sight by the bright gates of the celestial city.

A Fable.

"Father of men and beasts!" said the horse, approaching the throne of Jupiter, "it is said of me that I am one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and self-love inclines me to believe the character just; yet in some particulars my appearance might admit of some improvement." "Of what kind? Inform me. I am willing to receive instruction," said the father of all, and smiled. "I would probably run better," replied the steed, "if my legs were longer and more slender; a neck like a swan would be more becoming; a wider chest would improve my strength; and, since thou hast ordered me to carry thy darling man, might I not have a natural saddle growing on my back, instead of that with which the well-meaning rider confines me?"

"Have patience," resumed the god; and with an awful voice pronounced his creative word. Life darted into the mass; inert matter became alive; organized members were formed; they were joined in one consistent body; and before the throne arose—the hideous camel! The horse shuddered, and shook with horror. "See," said Jupiter, "longer and more slender legs; a neck like a swan; a large chest, and a natural saddle. Would you choose to have such a shape?" The horse quaked with extreme aversion. "So," continued the god, "take counsel from this event; be henceforth satisfied with your condition, and in order to remind you of the warning you have now received, I will say to this new inhabitant of the world, 'Live!' and may the horse never see thee but with trembling aversion!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLIE (Wisconsin) writes:—"Your interesting periodical has been taken in our family almost as long ago as my memory extends, until it is so needful that we could hardly keep house without 'The Post.' Since you have devoted a column of your paper to the answering of questions asked by readers, I have been seriously thinking of asking your kind advice on a matter which troubles me very much, and at last I concluded to do so. Some three years since, at the earnest request of my parents and friends, I accepted, much against my inclination, an offer of marriage from a young man of fine business capacity and great expectations! Since that time a gentleman of good position and high character has asked me for my hand. Although I tried not to be, and am sorry that I am, untrue to my betrothed, I love the last gentleman very much, as he also does me. On telling this to Mr. —— (my first suer) he decisively refused to annul the engagement existing between us. I do not think he loves me deeply, but is much more enamored of my father's wealth, and I am, unfortunately for me, an only child. As both are wealthy, honorable, and good business men, my father has little preference, excepting that the first is the son of an old friend. In case I should marry the second gentleman, without a previous annulment of my first engagement, would I be subject to a suit for breach of promise? The gentleman is very revengeful, and threatens me with the same, but I will never marry him *now*, do what he may. Will you please tell me the law regarding such cases? I shall thank you so very, very much if you can give me any knowledge or kind advice regarding this unpleasant subject." He has undoubtedly the power to sue you (if you are of legal age) for breach of promise, but it is exceedingly doubtful if he has the inclination. Such a threat is often made, but very seldom indeed carried out. He might possibly, by such a suit, recover damages from you, if you possess property of your own. But even in this improbable case you had far better sacrifice your money than your happiness. We think you can rest satisfied that he is only angry, and has no serious intention of putting his threat into execution. For only an ignoble spirit would seek to gain an unwilling wife by compulsion.

MAY (Indiana) says: "I am a reader of your valuable paper, and like your correspondence column. I was asked the other day why there were no volcanoes in the United States. I could not tell. Please answer me through your columns. And another thing I want advice on. I am engaged to a young man in the east, and he wants me to wait till he gets started in business, and I think he is a long time getting started. What do you think would be the better way to find out whether he is true or not? He is one year older than I am; do you think that would make any difference in our happiness? Some people think the gentleman should be much older than the lady to ensure happiness." By consulting a geography you will find that there are volcanoes in the United States, and if there were not it would be difficult to give a special reason why, as the laws governing their appearance are not certainly known. That you love desires to be able to provide for you before marrying you is no implication against his integrity. Marriages without thought of the future have caused so much misery that prudence in this respect is commendable. If you have other reasons to doubt your lover's truth, we can see no other course than for you to write to him and demand an explanation. The slight difference in your ages will probably not lessen your happiness, and some think will be more likely to promote it—though others contend that a difference of seven or eight years is a positive advantage.

W. D. H. (Big Rapids, Mich.,) writes: "Do please answer in your excellent paper the following perplexing question and oblige a constant reader: I am engaged to a beautiful and refined lady, a teacher, but I am a poor boy, unable to support a wife as she would like to live. I have a small farm, but she does not want me to become a farmer. She says she will wait till I have gained a fortune by other ways. Now what shall I do? I have taught school for four years, but that does not pay enough. Does my writing come up to book-keepers standard?" Your penmanship is not bad, and would serve very well for book keeping. If your lady-love so seriously objects to farming, it might be advisable for you to seek for some other lucrative employment. But until you obtain it, stick to the farm. You know that a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" you have the farm in hand, but the lady and the living are as yet both in the bush.

DONNA (Half Moon Bay, Cal.,) writes: "I would like to know the chemical process of magnetising persons. I once saw a gentleman magnetise ten persons, and I know it can be done, yet I have read all I can on the subject and have found nothing to satisfy me yet." There is no chemical process of magnetising persons. The phenomena of animal magnetism are entirely mental in their origin, and appear to result from some unknown action of a powerful nervous organization in one person on the feebler nerve force of another. The practice of lecturers on this subject in giving the patient a coin to hold in the hand, is intended solely to concentrate the attention, and chemistry has nothing to do with the matter.

L. L. (New York) writes: "I can no longer resist the impulse of writing you a few words of congratulation. We have chosen you from many as our weekly visitor, and although we have always found you highly endowed with intellectual beauty, still we cannot but acknowledge the great improvement you are making in attractive literature. No one can peruse your pages from year to year and be blind to their merit. I like THE POST very much and wish you great success. I wish to ask a question, which if you please, you may answer by addressing me in correspondent's column. Do you think that persons who are not endowed with a liberal education should have the privilege of presenting their productions to the world? Though crude they may contain some brilliant and wholly original ideas, which others, of superior education, may take up and enlarge upon with success, though born of another's brain, and the world would be the better for it." Any one who can advance brilliant and original ideas in good language, need not fear of obtaining an audience. The difficulty is, however, that what seems brilliant and original to uneducated persons, may prove flat, stale and unprofitable to the world. It is not easy to conceive of a subject that has not already been written upon meritoriously, and before attempting to instruct the world it is best to see if the world is not already fully instructed. It is the object of the periodical press to instruct and amuse the world, and editors are expected to know precisely what the world wants and to provide accordingly. Each editor is governed in his selections by what seems suited to his readers, and may frequently be forced to decline matter of great merit as not likely to prove acceptable to the general reading public. We appreciate your kind words of cheer, and hope to make THE POST better week by week.

C. M. B. (South Bend, Indiana,) writes: "Some time ago there appeared in your paper a direction for making a telescope of considerable power, but not having the paper I have forgotten the directions. Will you please to insert it once more in 'Answers to Correspondents,' and oblige a constant reader of your valuable paper?" We have forgotten all about it, and our time is too valuable to allow us to spend hours in searching through our old numbers. You had better save your papers in future—or make a scrap-book of all such articles as there is any likelihood of your needing. If any reader of this column, however, should remember the article in question, and will send us the date of its appearance, we will republish it for you.

JOSEPH (Louisville) writes: "Noticing your kind and sensible answers to correspondents I venture to trouble you with a question, and hope you will favor me with an early answer. The young lady to whom I have long been engaged, has suddenly broken off our engagement. The fault is mine, I acknowledge. My temper is impulsive, and in one of our quarrels I left the house and did not return for a week. This is the only reason I can imagine for her action, and she has gone so far as to engage herself to a person whom I know she does not love, for the mere purpose of vexing me. What shall I do to win her back? I cannot cease loving her; but my hasty and jealous temper is constantly causing trouble between us." The best way to win her would be to render yourself worthy of her. If you have not sufficient control of your temper to avoid quarrels with one you profess to love, she is perfectly justified in breaking the engagement—though she has done wrong if she has engaged herself to a man whom she does not love. If the lady is worthy of your love she is worthy of your respect, and proper respect for her would be the best cure for these fits of jealousy. If you lack confidence in her, then you are both better off as it is—for there can be no true marriage without mutual confidence. Acknowledge your fault as freely to her as you have done to us, govern your temper and repress your jealousy in future; and if she loves you she will forgive you.

RECEIPTS.

SELF-FREEZING ICE-CREAM.—One quart rich milk, 8 eggs, (whites and yolks beaten separately and very light,) 4 cups sugar, 3 pints rich, sweet cream, 6 teaspoonfuls vanilla or other seasoning, or one vanilla bean, broken in two, boiled in the custard, and left in until it is cold. Heat the milk almost to boiling, beat the yolks light, add the sugar, and stir up well. Pour the hot milk to this, little by little, beating all the time; put in the frothed whites and return to the fire, boiling in a pail or saucepan set within one of hot water. Stir the mixture steadily about fifteen minutes, or until it is thick as boiled custard. Pour it into a bowl and set aside to cool. When quite cold, beat in the cream and the flavoring, unless you have used the bean. Have ready a quantity of ice, cracked in pieces not larger than a pigeon egg, the smaller the better. You can manage this easily by laying a great lump of ice between two folds of coarse sacking, or an old carpet, tucking it in snugly and battering it through the cloth with a sledge-hammer or mallet until fine enough. There is no waste of ice, nor need you take it in your hands at all—only gather up the corners of the carpet or cloth and slide as much as you want into the outer vessel. Use an ordinary old-fashioned upright freezer, set in a deep pail; pack around it closely, first a layer of pounded ice, then one of rock salt—common salt will not do. In this order fill the pail; but before covering the freezer-lid, remove it carefully, that none of the salt may get in, and with a long wooden ladle or boat stick (I had one made on purpose) beat the custard as you would batter for five minutes without stay or stint. Replace the lid, pack the ice and salt upon it, patting it down hard on top; cover all with several folds of blanket or carpet, and leave it for one hour. Then remove the cover of the freezer when you have wiped it carefully outside.

You will find within a thick coating of frozen custard upon the bottom and sides. Dislodge this with your ladle, which should be thin at the lower end, or with a long carving-knife working every particle of it clear. Beat again hard and long until the custard is a smooth half-congealed paste. The smoothness of the ice-cream depends upon your action at this juncture. Put on the cover, pack in more ice and salt, and turn off the brine. Spread the double carpet over all once more, having buried the freezer out of sight in ice, and leave it for three or four hours. Then if the water has accumulated in such quantity as to buoy up the freezer, pour it off, fill up with ice and salt but do not open the freezer. In two hours more you may take it from the ice, open it, wrap a towel, wrung out in boiling water, about the lower part, and turn out a solid column of cream, form close-grained, and smooth as velvet to the tongue. Should the ice melt very fast you may have to turn off the water more than twice; but this will seldom happen except in very hot weather. —*From Marion Harland's New Book.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Cow's Intelligence.

That cows have memory, language, signs and the means of enjoying pleasant association, and combining for aggressive purposes, has been recognized, but scarcely to the extent the subject merits. Travelling in Italy many years ago, we visited some of the large dairy farms in the neighborhood of Ferara. Interspersed among much of the low lying, unhealthy land, remarkable for the prevalence on it of very fatal forms of anthrax in the summer season, are fine undulating pasture lands, and the fields are of great extent. We happened to stop at a farm house one fine autumn afternoon when the cows were about to be milked. A herd of over one hundred was grazing homewards.

The women took their positions with stool and pail close to the house, and as the cows approached, names were called out which, at first, we thought, were addressed to the milk maids. Rosa, Florenza, Giulia, Sposa, and many names, which were noted by us at the time, were called out by the overseer or one of the women, and we were astonished to see cow after cow cease feeding or chewing the cud, and make direct, sometimes at a trot, for the woman that usually milked her.

The practice, we found, was not confined to one farm: all the cows on each farm knew their respective names, and took up their position, just as readily as the individual members of some large herds in this country returning from the fields take up their places in the sheds.—*London Milk Journal.*

Cotton as a Specialty.

Travellers from the South have always been struck with the rich abundance of domestic comforts and luxurious living to be seen on very small farms of the Northern and Western States, where the moneyed resources must have been quite small, compared with those of the cotton States of the South. Though the climate and soil of the South are exceedingly favorable to the production of the richest fruits of the earth in abundance, yet these are advantages which our landed proprietors have but sparingly enjoyed. And wherefore? The answer is, "Cotton on the brain."

The products of the garden, the poultry-yard and the dairy, which enter so largely into the system of domestic economy and good home-life in the Northern, Western and Middle States, form usually but a comparatively small item upon most of the cotton plantations of the South. And yet, the labor necessary to produce a 400-weight bale of cotton, properly applied, would be sufficient to secure these items of good living in ample amount for the consumption of most of the families upon the cotton plantations of the South, while the proceeds of two bales of cotton sold in the market, and invested in salt provisions, would leave a family but poorly supplied. Why this great sacrifice of good home life? The answer is simply, "Cotton on the brain."—*Rural South-Land.*

AN OLD TIME HORSE.—The following notes regarding the famous race horse, Eclipse, are published by the Turf, Field and Farm:

The celebrated English race horse, Eclipse, foaled April 1, 1764, was one of the most remarkable animals that ever struck the turf with his feet. Mr. O'Kelly purchased him for $3,750, and it is estimated that the horse won for his owner more than $125,000 in gold cups, vases and guinea purses. He lived to the age of twenty-six years, when he died of colic and inflammation.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 82, 2, 22, 81, 99, 27, 40, 34, 50, 37, 92, 35, 61, 30, is one of Dickens' most touching stories.

My 80, 53, 69, 3, 25, 33, 72, 43, 82, 93, 97, 9, 18, 70, is a book especially admired by boys.

My 13, 47, 78, 55, 26, 3, 85, 51, 39, 23, 87, 67, 80, 71, 34, 4, 74, is a popular song.

My 90, 96, 40, 10, 4, 39, 23, 76, 28, 56, 59, 6, is a novel by Wilkie Collins.

My 32, 89, 60, 57, 42, 87, 1, 7, is one of the characters in "David Copperfield."

My 77, 15, 75, 12, 17, in Greek mythology was the abode of spirits.

My 37, 10, 64, 94, 21, 84, 19, 46, 16, 66, 24, 73, 48, 58, 5, 11, is a novel by Anthony Trollope.

My 14, 95, 8, 44, 62, 98, 59, 7, 68, 88, 65, 86, 78, 91, 41, is a tale found in the "Arabian Nights."

My 83, 45, 63, 20, 52, 49, 88, 15, 70, 31, 1, 29, is one of Walter Scott's novels.

My whole is one verse of a song in Longfellow's Spanish Student.

MARY E. BENSON.

Louisville, Ky.

Word Square.

An insect.
To mistake.
Before.
Enterprise, N. C. EGO GEO.

Problem.

A gentleman being asked what o'clock it was, replied: "So much after four that the minute and hour hands are pointing in exactly opposite directions." Required—the time.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is your chamber-maid immortal? Ans.—She returns to dust every day without dying.

☞ Why are pigs like fashionable women? Ans.—Because they wear a curl behind.

☞ Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music? Ans.—Because he marries for-tune.

☞ Which would a young lady rather be, a Dryad or Naiad? Ans.—A Dryad, for then she would be a woo'd nymph.

☞ Why is an old maid like an old boot? Ans.—Because it is of no use without its fellow.

☞ What is the great want of the age? Want of funds.

☞ What cake is most disagreeable to children? Ans.—The stomach-ache.

Answers to Last.

METAGRAM—Beg, cag, fag, gag, hag, lag, Mag, wag, nag, rag. Word square.

STRP
TALE
ELSE
PEEP